APRIL 1962

Commentary

THE NEW EUROPE

by George Lichtheim

THE RADICAL RIGHT & THE RISE OF THE FUNDAMENTALIST MINORITY: David Danzig

FROM MY FATHER'S COURTROOM: Isaac Bashevis Singer

NOTES ON THE AMERICAN PRESS: Benjamin DeMott

THE TWO ISRAELS: Alex Weingrod

The Study of Man

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IN ITS PHILOSOPHY: William Barrett

Observations

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Books in Review

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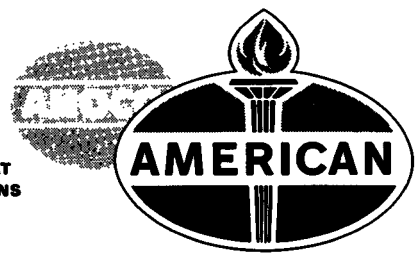

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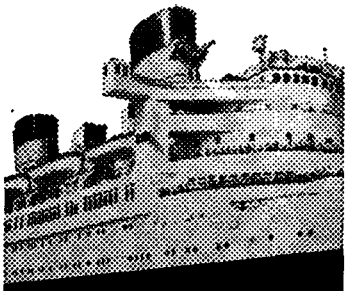

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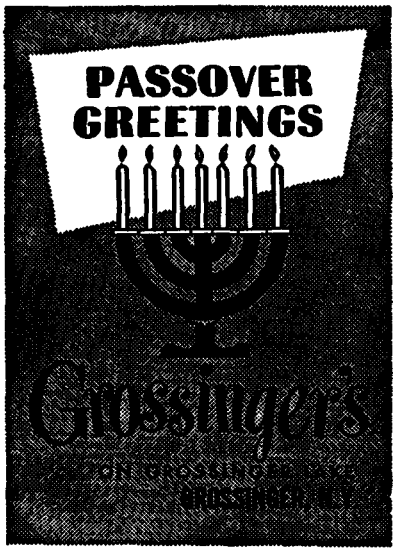

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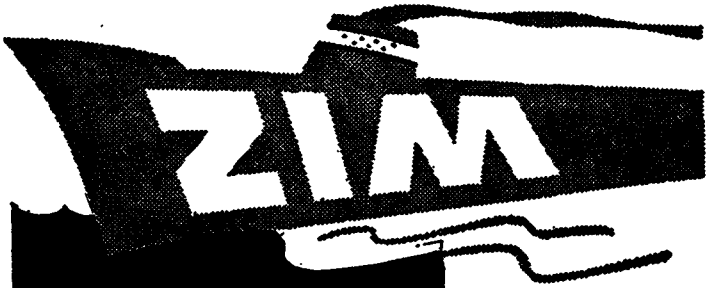

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THE NEW EUROPE

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

IN 1945, when the dust of battle cleared, Europe's former eminence in world affairs was found to be among the casualties of the Second World War. Instead of the familiar "concert of powers," there were two rival poles of attraction—the Soviet Union and the United States—and a congeries of medium-sized Continental states, plus the deeply shaken British Empire which rapidly transformed itself into a Commonwealth of autonomous members. Since then the emergence of China and India as rival, though unequal, colossi in Asia, and the emancipation of Africa, has confirmed a trend already obvious to thoughtful observers in 1945. The novelty, during the past decade, has been the counter-movement to bring about an integrated Europe in the place of the old system of mutually hostile entities. Since in what follows it will be argued that this recent development is both necessary and to be welcomed, there is no harm in asking to what extent it is compatible with what has customarily been thought to be the peculiar character of European civilization. After all, even if it should turn out that a considerable price has to be paid for the final burial of Europe's now senseless rivalries, there need be no lament over the transaction. Whatever it may be that the Europeans—including it seems the British—are being asked to give up, it is clearly not worth a major war every generation. What then is it that is going to distinguish the future integrated Europe from its predecessor?

Although there are various ways of approaching this question, if one thinks of the world scene and Europe's diminished importance thereon, there is, it would seem, only one sensible answer in terms of the Continent's own recent past: the new Europe is not going to be an assemblage of sovereign nation-states. Sovereignty, after all, finds its ultimate expression in the war-making capacity, and if the prospective members of a Western European Union—Eastern Europe is outside the context of this argument, though in its own peculiar manner it displays parallel tendencies—are to renounce the right to make war on each other, they are to that extent abrogating their sovereignty, as must indeed be the case with every confederation of formerly independent units, however loose at the outset. The near certainty that this is going to happen between now and 1970—indeed to some extent has already happened—is what chiefly distinguishes the European consciousness of today from that of the past generation, which still took the sovereign nation-state completely for granted. That generation of course also took it for granted that Eu-

GEORGE LICHTHEIM, who writes from London, is one of our contributing editors and the author of *Marxism: An Historical and Critical Study* (1961). He will be dealing with the theme of the present article at greater length in a book to be published by Praeger under the title, *Europe—Today and Tomorrow.*

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rope formed a whole, and that the countries now under Soviet rule were part of it. When statesmen and their advisers considered the possibility of future trouble, they thought in terms which today sound archaic, although some of the familiar landmarks are still visible. Dangers were seen to arise from the weakness of the Versailles settlement in 1919, and in particular from the well-known ambitions and resentments of Germany. Thus when in 1925 the chief historical adviser to the British Foreign Office, Sir James Headlam-Morley, in what has been described as "a remarkable and prophetic memorandum," warned the Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, of coming conflicts between Germany and her neighbors, he observed that "the danger-point in Europe" was not on the Rhine but on the Vistula, and he went on to ask:

> Has anyone attempted to realize what would happen if there were to be a new partition of Poland, or if the Czechoslovak State were to be so curtailed and dismembered that in fact it disappeared from the map of Europe? The whole of Europe would at once be in chaos. There would no longer be any principle, meaning, or sense in the territorial arrangements of the Continent.

The reason why this kind of language seems to belong to the past—though a rather recent past—is not simply that Germany has ceased to exist, its place being taken by two separate states, of which the larger and more important is firmly integrated within NATO, while the other is under Soviet control. The real reason is that one can no longer think of the European political system as being autonomous. That system today is plainly controlled by the reactions of the two super-powers. What this realization has meant to Europeans is not easily grasped by outsiders. It strikes at the roots of the old concept of Europe as a theater on which sovereign national entities enact their historic rivalries. Now it may be all to the good that this phase is closed, and it certainly need not be lamented that Germany is no longer able to play off East against West (as she still did, with devastating consequences, during the inter-war period of 1919–39). But the transformation has certainly gone much farther than most people even in 1945 thought likely. After all, in those days the British Empire still ranked as one of the Big Three, and it seemed probable that Germany, though defeated, would emerge once more as the dominant power on the Continent. That the old historic Central Europe would vanish for good, and that Britain would attempt to enter a Western European confederation (for the time being decorously disguised as a mere customs union), was not foreseen by the statesmen who met at Potsdam to decide Germany's fate. It was, however, foreseen by some of the West Europeans who were then beginning to get together behind the scenes, and in this twofold movement lay the seed of the subsequent struggle between nationalists and European "federalists" over the Continent's future political organization. It may also be thought that if Britain had not been among the victors in 1945, her subsequent adaptation to the role of a European country would have been less prolonged and painful.

BEFORE REVERTING to this point it is worth considering what is implied by the statement that the traditional European balance of power has ceased to function. This is a different matter from Europe's loss of global pre-eminence, though the two are connected. To start with the internal European balance: this can be thought of as a mechanism which came into being when the nation-states began to form, and indeed it has generally been so regarded by historians. Ever since Leopold von Ranke formulated the concept in the introduction to his *History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations* (1824), Continental historiography at any rate—but the British soon followed suit—has operated with the notion of a Western European "unity in diversity" founded on the

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mutual relations of the "six great nations of the Romano-Germanic world": French, Spanish, Italian, German, English, Scandinavian. The Slavs were outside this construction, but Russia was brought in by way of the balance of power; Ranke himself described in his later writings how in the 18th century the Russia of Peter the Great was gradually introduced into the "European concert"—partly as a means of balancing the supremacy of France in the West. Russia therefore was only semi-European, unlike Poland, which the French historians—if not the Prussian Ranke—treated as an important member of the European family. This traditional viewpoint is still substantially that of Marx, as any reader of his polemics against Czarist diplomacy in the 1850's can verify.

Now to a 19th-century European familiar with this picture, the question presented itself whether the non-European powers would be permanently drawn into the vortex of European affairs and adopt its peculiar rules of behavior. Ranke himself dated the crystallization of the modern European "balance of power" (as distinct from the medieval rivalries) from the years 1494 to 1514, when France and Spain began their long struggle for hegemony in Italy. As the other powers were gradually drawn into this complex play of ambitions, the circle gradually widened to take in newcomers like Russia and Sweden, while at the same time the discovery and settlement of the Americas transferred the Franco-Spanish and Anglo-French rivalries to the New World. By the 18th century the original balance of power had become Atlantic; in the 19th century it became global and merged with the industrialization of Asia and Africa to form a world system, of which Europe, however, was still the center. Down to 1914 it could be argued that all that had happened in the intervening four centuries was simply a gradual widening of the original circle, and that Russia, North America, Latin America, Japan, and China, were so many newcomers to the game who had gradually learned its peculiar rules: chiefly the rule that no single power should be allowed to become dominant, and that wars should be conducted for profit and broken off when they threatened to get out of hand. It took the 1914–18 war to shake these assumptions, and the 1939–45 war to shatter them completely. Since then we have all become used to the notion that the "European era" is finished, to be succeeded by an Atlantic—and possibly a Pacific—one: just as Europe itself at one time took the place of the old Mediterranean civilization. Indeed it is beginning to be felt that even this is too parochial a perspective, and that we may have to learn to think in global terms *tout court*.*

FROM THE European viewpoint the implications of this change are of course considerable. If one adopts the traditional perspective, one can say that the European era of world politics lasted from 1494 to 1914. Two years before its start, Columbus had accidentally discovered America, and thus provided a suitable counterpoint. The emergence of Russia cannot be dated with the same precision, but at any rate 15th-century Muscovy had got rid of the Tartar domination and begun to spread out, while at the same time the Turkish threat to Christendom receded, thus making it easier for the European powers to shed their medieval preoccupation with the defense of the faith against the unbelievers. The subsequent story has already been briefly summarized. If now the whole of this familiar chapter of history lies behind us, to what is this due? Apparently to the fact that in the end the play of rivalries became self-defeating and led to a state of affairs where America and Russia emancipated themselves from European leading-strings. This is the prosaic circumstance underlying the familiar phrase about Eu-

* For a detailed exposition of the above argument, see Geoffrey Barraclough's *History in a Changing World* (1955).

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rope having "committed suicide" in two world wars. Europe did not in fact commit suicide. What happened was that its internal conflicts could no longer be settled by its own efforts. The flanking powers—America and Russia—had to be called in, and their superior weight decided the issue, both in 1918 and in 1945; though on the former occasion the Germans had just managed to defeat Russia before they were themselves defeated, and so retained the illusion that the old familiar balance of power had not in fact disappeared. It took another war to enlighten them.

IT WILL HAVE BEEN evident to the reader of this cursory sketch that one element has been consistently understressed: the role of England. This is because one may take it for granted that most people are familiar with the manner in which the European balance was manipulated by British statesmanship so as to prevent the hegemony of any one Continental power. But England did not simply control the European system; she also acted as the link between that system and the outside world. There were two circles, European and global, and England belonged to both. The circles intersected, and because Britain was at the intersection, British statesmanship could mediate between the Old World and the New. This opportunity arose in the 18th century, came to a peak in the 19th, and was lost in the 20th. But the manner in which it was lost is interesting because it did not fulfill the anticipations of those European governments who hoped to "balance" America against Britain. During the First World War the Germans made such an attempt, and it failed. After 1917 the Soviet government and the Communist International spent twenty years waiting for what they regarded as the inevitable clash between America and Britain; it never materialized. The fact is that the familiar European "balance" did not really operate outside Europe. The rules of the game had been worked out by absolutist governments in the 16th and 17th centuries, and their peculiar—though rather limited—rationality did not cover the behavior of the new Atlantic powers. Thus even before the European "system" of perpetual rivalry and balance collapsed, it had shown itself unable to draw America into its operation. The Americans—unlike the Russians—preferred to stay outside until they could become Europe's heirs. By now of course American "isolation" is as dead as Russia's old position on the outskirts of the European system, and the two "flanking powers" have taken over the control of the central mechanism.

If this is one moral to be drawn from the course of events during the era of European hegemony, another conclusion has to do with the contrast between integration outside Europe and disintegration —or at any rate territorial fragmentation —within. It has rightly been remarked that "every European war has resulted in greater division, every colonial war in greater cohesion." The operation of the European system kept the several nation-states in equilibrium, by keeping them all relatively limited in size; meanwhile the non-European powers spread across ever larger land masses until they had acquired the extent necessary to overshadow their erstwhile mentors. The "liberties of Europe" were paid for by fragmentation; because no single power was allowed to dominate, the Continent in the end presented the picture of a congeries of sovereign entities too weak to carry weight on a world scale. This fate had already overtaken Holland in the 18th century; it overtook France, Germany, and Britain in the 20th. Since then it has dawned on thinking people in Europe that the pursuit of the "balance of power" has become self-defeating. Federalism is one reaction to this discovery. Is it the only one? Europeans are better aware than most outsiders of what their traditional anarchy has cost them; they are also aware that their civilization has grown up with the nation-state, and quite possibly cannot survive it. This is a disturbing notion, and to non-Euro-

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peans an unfamiliar one. It may be wholly mistaken, but it is worth pursuing, because it leads to the center of the current discussion. If Europe's traditional way of life has been built upon the coexistence of a multiplicity of sovereign entities, each so to speak endowed with an independent life of its own, what is to be its future in a world in which only the thermonuclear super-powers retain what used to be called sovereignty? This question cannot be dismissed as academic. It is eminently practical. It also accounts for the fact that many prominent Europeans are still unenthusiastic about the whole idea of integration or federalism.

II

THE NATION-STATE has in the past mattered to Europeans because it seemed to them to have recaptured some of the virtues of the classical *polis*. This feeling was particularly strong in the late 19th century, when liberalism had altered the relationship between the state and the citizen. It then appeared possible that the nation would outgrow its rather haphazard origins in absolutist and dynastic power politics, and become a genuine community. We all know what happened to these dreams, but it is important to realize that in the liberal age they supplied the rationale of a patriotism which was not simply self-adulation or xenophobia. Even today such patriotism as exists in England, France, Italy, and the smaller West European countries, is fed by remnants of this attachment to one's country as one's spiritual homeland: the place where the deepest values are genuinely shared; where men and women can meet and talk the same language (in every sense); where public affairs can be discussed in a spirit of mutual comprehension; where it is not wholly senseless to quote Pericles' speech to the Athenians. The Germans never quite joined in this sentiment because German liberalism had failed to win power; and most East Europeans to this day hardly know what it is to live in a country where the government is not a strange and hostile power uncontrolled by the citizens. But in Western Europe—leaving Spain and Portugal aside—a sense of community did exist, and made it possible for people to think of the State not as a monster, but as the emanation of their own collective thoughts and aspirations. In the smaller countries of Western Europe which were overrun by the Germans in 1940, and thereafter struggled to get free, this sentiment has perhaps grown even stronger, because democracy and patriotism were successfully tested at the same time. It is therefore a hopeful sign that the stablest of these countries, Holland, is also in the van of European federalism, for this would seem to show that the old national feeling is not incompatible with the new European spirit.

Still, letting go of sovereignty is a tremendous wrench for Europeans. It is no great secret that de Gaulle is agonized at the idea and is doing all he can to slow the process; it is also no secret that his views are shared by influential people in Britain, including some who on other grounds are highly critical of French policy. To describe such sentiments as "irrational" is a trifle absurd: after all, it is not in the nature of primary loyalties to be rational; nor is it altogether reasonable to dismiss them as irrelevant obstacles to the goal of European integration, for the opponents of federalism could well retort that a unified European structure will have to be built upon the sacrifice of everything that has given meaning to European life in the past. The familiar parallel with the Italian city-states is valid at this point: no one would wish to go back on Italian unification, but it cannot be denied that Venice, Florence, and Naples have long sunk into provinciality. Are London, Paris, and Rome to suffer the same fate? And if they do, will their citizens still feel that they are leading a meaningful existence?

On balance one may feel that these fears

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are exaggerated. Switzerland, after all, has managed to combine unity with diversity, and there seems to be no reason why Western Europe should not retain its old variegated cultural pattern, even though the central political and economic institutions are going to operate on a supra-national level. It remains that a price will have to be paid, and that some of the old creative tensions will depart when Europe is at last united. Life will become duller, though more prosperous, and—for the great majority—more pleasant. Frontiers will go, technocracy will come into its own at last, and national animosities will dwindle away into mere parochial dislikes. The elite will have supra-national schools and colleges for its children—it is already beginning to set them up in Strasbourg and Florence—and in due course the citizenry will catch on and learn to talk the new European language. It won't be the old Europe of independent sovereign entities equipped with rival aims and ideals, and many patriots won't feel at home in it. But it will be viable, and in time no doubt it will attract popular loyalties to itself.

WHAT HAS BEEN SAID so far relates to Western Europe, and more particularly to the member-states of the European Economic Community, plus Britain and the rest of the so-called "Outer Seven." To describe this congeries of states as "Europe" is clearly to perpetuate a neologism whose only justification is the East-West split and the establishment since 1945 of politico-military alliances such as the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Not all Europeans are convinced that this is a sound attitude, and not all of those who reject or qualify it are to be found on the far left. General de Gaulle has been known to employ language suggesting that in his mind Europe stretches as far as the Urals. This cuts across the notion that Europe is synonymous with "the West." To those holding the majority view dominant among European Christian-Democrats, it is self-evident that the cold war has been occasioned by Russia's irruption into what Continental philosophers and historians have traditionally called "the Occident." The German term *Abendland* is so laden with ideological overtones going back to the Romantic movement as to be untranslatable, which is rather a pity since its peculiar flavor is cherished by many people who are among the firmest supporters of the Bonn government because they associate its policies with the defense of religion. (Originally, *Morgenland*—the Orient—stood for the Islamic world, which gives one a pretty fair notion of what such people experience emotionally when they gaze eastward to the Iron Curtain.) While the importance of such sentiments must be taken into account, they are not universally shared. Leaving aside the fact that Hungary and Poland are *terra irredenta* to Roman Catholics as long as they remain under Communist rule, it must be borne in mind that many Europeans refuse to give Russia up for lost. Some years ago a French geographer—writing for Americans, but expressing sentiments in tune with Gaullist doctrine—drew a firm borderline between European Russia and those parts of the USSR which lie beyond the Ural mountains:

> Between the heavy land masses of Asia and Africa there is a sort of puzzle of mingling lands and seas called Europe. Between the Arctic Ocean, the North Atlantic, the Mediterranean Sea, and the widening forests and shrublands of Soviet Asia, the European lands consist of peninsular and isthmian areas, plus a scattering of islands all around. It scarcely deserves to be called a continent. However, it is and always has been an extremely important part of the globe.
>
> The eastern limit follows traditionally the line of the Urals—that is, the crest of the Ural mountain range from the Arctic shores southward, then the course of the Ural River which empties into the Caspian Sea; the limit crosses the Caspian southward and swings to the Black Sea westward along the crest of the Caucasus range.*

* Jean Gottmann, *A Geography of Europe*, 1954.

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This is hardly what conservative West Germans—following Ranke and Dr. Adenauer—would call a proper definition of Europe (let alone of their precious *Abendland*), but it defines a viewpoint which has influential supporters in Western Europe. Most British Tories would probably agree with it. Some might add—especially if briefed by the Foreign Office—that Chinese pressure may eventually oblige the Russians to wake up to the facts of geography and recognize—tacitly if not openly—that they are indeed Europeans, and that what they are currently doing in Central Asia and Siberia is simply a continuation of the great European expansion and colonization movements of the past centuries. In these quarters there is some impatience with Bonn's insistence that Russian enmity to "Europe" should be treated as permanent. This may be a hangover from the days of Anglo-Russian cooperation against the German menace, but it is a real element in British worries about Continental entanglements in general, and the Western European bloc in particular. Macmillan was never so popular as on the day in February 1959 when he donned a fur hat and went to Moscow on a mission which eventually turned out to be almost as useless as Chamberlain's trip to Munich in 1938. Since then a great deal of water has flown into the tea, and a good many people in Britain are now reconciled to the thought that their future lies with the other nations of Western Europe. But the old hankering after an independent role persists in the most unlikely quarters, and every minor display of reasonableness on Moscow's part has the effect of bringing these suppressed longings into the open. It is one of the strongest arguments still employed against British membership of the European Economic Community that "an independent British foreign policy" would thereby be rendered difficult, perhaps impossible. By an "independent foreign policy" is meant one that tries to mediate between the Soviet Union and Continental Europe, or alternatively between the USSR and the United States. To be a "European" means giving up the idea that Britain is still capable of controlling the Continental "balance," not to mention the world balance.

III

FROM ACROSS the Channel these uncertainties are matched by Frenchmen and Germans who have not forgotten England's former habit of linking up with the "flanking powers"—America and Russia—against the Continent. Anyone who imagines that such unworthy suspicions are today cherished only by the discredited adherents of Hitler's "New Order" had better re-read de Gaulle's memoirs. From time to time the French President gives vent to sentiments which clearly show that he has not forgotten his wartime struggles with Roosevelt and Churchill. There was the famous occasion in 1944 (described in volume II of his *War Memoirs*) when Churchill, in the presence of Eden and others, cried out: "Each time we have to choose between Europe and the open sea, we shall always choose the open sea. Each time I have to choose between you and Roosevelt, I shall always choose Roosevelt." And there was the American President himself: de Gaulle has described, with mingled bitterness and irony, how during their meeting in Washington in July 1944, Roosevelt sketched out for him a picture of the postwar world in which a four-power directorate—America, Russia, Britain, China—would settle the world's problems, with all the other countries disarmed and reduced to the role of satellites. On this directorate, although Roosevelt did not say so outright, the United States—with Britain and China in her pocket—would be assured of a three-to-one majority; the coming peace would be an American peace and the world would enter the American century, all in the name of democracy of course. Thus while perfidious Albion was using the war to

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relieve France of her Middle Eastern possessions, Roosevelt was playing an even deeper game in which all the European powers were simply counters in his schemes for world domination. De Gaulle has never forgotten these experiences. From his memoirs it is evident that he preferred the Vatican's "grand design"—already taking shape in the summer of 1944—of a union of the European nations: Germany, France, Italy, the Low Countries, and—in time—Spain and Portugal. But characteristically de Gaulle did not allow this vision to interfere with his immediate political purpose; the first essential was to assert France's independence vis-à-vis the Anglo-Americans, and for this he needed Russian backing. He therefore included the Communists in his provisional administration and a few months later, at the end of 1944, went to Moscow to sign a pact with the Soviet government. Moreover, in the end he got the better of all his partners, including Stalin and Molotov, an achievement which to this day has inspired the Russians with a healthy respect for de Gaulle's political skill.

IT ALSO FOR some years after his return to power in 1958 inclined them to hope that he might be enticed into a "reversal of alliances" that would disrupt NATO, and here too he was shrewd enough to exploit such fears, while all the time reinforcing his links with his partners in Europe. If in 1962 the British look like being frozen out of Europe, or coming in on terms too stiff for their liking, the memory of de Gaulle's wartime humiliations goes far to explain the intransigence he has displayed in confronting Churchill's successors. It would be unfair to say that he has consciously tried to get even with them, but he has not eased their path, and even his British admirers have been conscious of a certain asperity in his dealings with the United Kingdom. That this is not simply a consequence of British uneasiness over the course of events in France since the Algerian war broke out, must be evident to anyone familiar with the history of Britain's attempts to slow down the movement toward European integration: a movement in which France has since 1950 taken the lead. Anglo-French relations have in fact been consistently bad during the past decade. They were strained even during the 1956 Suez escapade, when the French felt that they had been let down by their allies. They got worse when de Gaulle returned to power, and reached freezing point in December 1958, when Paris torpedoed the British plan for a "free trade area" which would have wrecked the Common Market. Since then there has been a gradual improvement, but France's growing political and economic strength, and the consequent rise of French influence in Washington, are viewed with mixed feelings in Whitehall. What the British government—and the Labor party too—would really like is a weak and inoffensive France presided over by someone like Antoine Pinay. A France that has its own atomic striking force—and therefore ranks as an equal—is difficult to accept. Hence the subtle campaign to make the state of affairs under de Gaulle appear rather worse in American eyes than it really is.

This kind of thing is traditional and largely automatic. Setting aside the tedious imbecilities of the left, who see fascism in every street riot, the tendency to speculate upon the dangers of civil war has occasionally had something wishful about it, though no one really wants de Gaulle to fail. It is simply that many quite reasonable people find it difficult to reconcile themselves to the idea that he may succeed. When last February the Paris police and the Communists improvised one of those bloody clashes which have been a feature of French political life since at least the Stavisky riots of 1934, it was noteworthy that the London *Times* meditatively licked its chops over the recollection that a street brawl helped to bring down Louis Philippe in 1848. The com-

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parison could not have been more inexact or misleading; it clearly translated a piece of wishful thinking, mingled of course with apprehension, for no one in authority really wants such a thing to happen. It is, however, convenient to pretend that it may happen at any moment. For de Gaulle's more addlepated critics on the left, the mere fact that he has replaced parliamentary by presidential government is of course enough to damn him. It never seems to occur to these so-called Socialists that if their own country is to have a planned economy, the powers of the executive will have to be strengthened quite considerably at the expense of Parliament. Mention such an obvious thought to the average Laborite, and he will recoil in horror. The French have made a success of their semi-planned economy, while the British have not been doing so well. All the more reason to dislike them!

IN THE END, of course, facts are stronger than memories, and the facts point to an increasing symmetry in British and French alignments on the world scene. With the formal recognition of Algerian independence, France has passed the point of no return in the retreat from overseas empire. With less fanfare the British for years have been quietly carrying on a parallel operation. Both nations are being driven back upon the realities of their European position. The only remaining question is whether they can cooperate in a federated Europe which after the entry of Britain—and presumably some of the Scandinavian countries—will no longer be predominantly Catholic. These issues are never far from the surface. They account, among others, for the relative tolerance extended in Whitehall to the prospect of an Italian government based on a coalition of Christian Democrats and Socialists. Signor Nenni's party may be neutralist and rather wobbly in its attachment to Western unity,* but at least it is a counterweight to the undue influence of the Vatican. Such considerations have weight in Britain—even in a Britain governed by the Conservative party.

They are not indeed of equal importance to all the leading proponents of Europeanism and/or Atlanticism. The latter has supporters among Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists who dislike the idea of entering a "narrow" European federation at the expense of a possible worldwide Anglo-American partnership which would include Continental Europe, but also the Commonwealth and the United States. This is currently a pipe-dream, but some influential people are earnestly attached to it. It represents what is left of the wartime Churchillian vision, and clearly the Macmillan government took a long time abandoning the hope that it might yet be realized. Those Conservatives who have regretfully buried the hope of retaining a status superior to that of mere Europeans are often at a loss to formulate an alternative viewpoint, or make it plausible to their bewildered supporters. Setting aside the Catholic minority, which is instinctively "European" but does not carry a great deal of weight, there is the small but influential group of High Anglicans in the Establishment whose thoughts run along lines not totally unfamiliar to de Gaulle or Adenauer. Professor Arnold Toynbee may be regarded as the representative philosopher of this school, which has adherents in high places from Whitehall to the editorial office of the London *Times*. Here is what he had to say on the subject some years ago, during an informal meeting in Rome of well-known personalities connected with the European union movement:

> The Europe with which we are concerned is not the geographers' conventional continent. . . . When we speak of "Europeans" we really mean, I believe, those inhabitants of the north-western peninsula of the Old World, and of the adjacent islands, who are ecclesiastical subjects or ex-subjects of the Patriarchate of Rome: in

* Notwithstanding Nenni's own claims to democratic orthodoxy; see his article in *Foreign Affairs*, January, 1962.

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other words, we mean those Catholic and Protestant Christians who live in this north-western corner of the Old World.

This is an extreme view. It went down well at Rome, but it did not go down so well with some of Professor Toynbee's fellow historians in Britain. Professor Max Beloff (see *Europe and the Europeans,* 1957) objected that it was too narrow because it overlooked the fact that the post-Renaissance growth of European influence has occurred *pari passu* with the rise of secularism. Professor Geoffrey Barraclough reminded readers of his 1955 essay collection (*History in a Changing World;* see especially "The Continuity of the European Tradition") that Byzantium was as much heir to the classical tradition as was Rome, and that it was impossible to exclude Russia and the Slavs from Europe without doing violence to the facts. Behind these seemingly academic disputes an observer familiar with the respective political viewpoints held by the distinguished participants could sense some strain. It is no great secret that Professor Barraclough is lukewarm, to put it mildly, about any association that appears to be directed against Russia; or that Professor Beloff would really prefer an Atlantic Union to a European one.* In general, Conservatives of Professor Toynbee's High Anglican persuasion find it easier to contemplate association with the Continent than do secularist Liberals or Socialists. Anyone who believes that this is unimportant because "economics will decide the issue" had better grasp this fact: economically Britain is called upon to make considerable sacrifices—at any rate in the short run—for the sake of European integration, and may even suffer some very nasty shocks; it is therefore doubly important that the proponents of Europeanism should be able to call upon non-economic arguments to justify what is going to look to the public like a formal renunciation of past imperial glories and present Commonwealth ties. Germany, France, and Italy have no corresponding problem, though the French have had to abandon their empire, and the Germans are beginning to realize that Western European union is incompatible with German unification. And it is precisely the strength of a rather conservative kind of Europeanism which has made it possible for the Paris and Bonn governments to execute this kind of retreat.

BUT LET US KEEP some sense of proportion: the "Six" of the European Economic Community are not only predominantly Catholic, but also solidly democratic; they are, moreover, countries in which Socialist parties and labor movements carry great weight. In fact their governments either rest upon a formal coalition of Christian Democrats and Socialists, or upon Socialist tolerance of moderately conservative regimes such as the Gaullist one in France; and the same is true of some of the smaller neutrals—Austria and Switzerland for example—who for various reasons are unlikely to join a European Union. The entry of Britain and the Scandinavians would strengthen both the Protestant and the Socialist element, though in unequal proportion; it would not, however, mean a revolution, nor would British and Scandinavian progressivism be drowned in Continental "reaction," as some "New Left" ideologists in Britain are trying to make their public believe. There are arguments against trying to amalgamate Western Europe and the British Commonwealth, but they have to do with economics, not with basic loyalties. So far as its underlying attachments are concerned, Western Europe—with or without the British—is now committed to democracy, whatever people alarmed by vestiges of fascist romanticism—or by the paper strength of the slowly decaying Communist parties in France and Italy—may say to the contrary. The Second

* But regards it as impracticable in view of the current state of American popular sentiment; see his article in the London *Times,* February 2, 1962.

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World War delivered a knockout blow to nationalism, and the economic boom, plus Soviet intransigence, has sapped the strength of Communism and gradually eroded even its cadres. By 1970 both movements will be seen to belong to the past.

IV

"IN THE EVENT of a Third World War, I don't believe in any neutrality, either Austrian, or Swedish, or Swiss," a Belgian Socialist delegate told the European Parliamentary Assembly in Strasbourg at the end of January 1962. The three "neutrals" in question probably don't believe in it either, but this does not automatically settle the question of their adherence to the Common Market, let alone the projected European Union of the not too distant future: a union in which—unless de Gaulle has his way—the federal executive authorities will not be permanently hampered by their various national governments. Even the loosest sort of confederation, with fully sovereign member-states and weak central institutions of the kind currently preferred by the French and British governments, is probably too much for the neutrals. Why is this so? Not for economic reasons. Austria for one is ready for full economic union, but cannot undertake political obligations forbidden to her under the Austrian State Treaty of 1955, to which the Soviet Union is a co-signatory. The Swedish case is less clear-cut, but Sweden is not in NATO and does not wish to enter into military alliances.

Lastly, there is Switzerland, which has neutrality written into its constitution, dating back from a time when the Swiss thought they could preserve their independence only by keeping aloof from their neighbors. Since today no one believes that Germany, France, and Italy will ever again make war upon each other, or try to absorb Switzerland, Swiss neutrality has become something of a joke to everyone but the Swiss. It has also—a circumstance not always visible to non-Europeans—contributed to the already considerable unpopularity of the Swiss among their less fortunate neighbors. When at the European Parliamentary Assembly already mentioned, a Dutch Socialist unkindly suggested that the Swiss were chiefly concerned with hoarding their wealth—including the blood-stained deposits of Middle Eastern and Latin American despots, safe and tax-free in Swiss banks—he expressed in forthright manner a sentiment deeply embedded in the breasts of many Europeans. The Swiss, for their part, having long had cause to regard their country as an island of sanity in a lunatic Continent, reciprocate these feelings with interest; they also maintain that their unique quadrilingual democracy —there is an official language for the fifty thousand or so Swiss citizens who speak a peculiar Romance dialect traceable to Latin—would be endangered by integration with the barbarous Germans, Italians, and French. The Six therefore are unlikely to offer Switzerland anything beyond ordinary trade agreements, though they may be more inclined to do something for Norway: not a neutral, and currently a candidate for full membership, but plagued by economic problems. They have already allowed Greece to become an associate member, and may eventually do the same for Israel. Thus, beyond the confines of Western Europe proper, the economic union is spreading out from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean; the more it spreads the more difficult it becomes to remember that the original impetus came from people who wanted quite simply to "unite Europe" in order to put an end, once and for all, to catastrophes such as the Second World War.

These people—known today as "federalists," to distinguish them from the "functionalists" prominent in Britain after the war—for over a decade dominated the governments and parliaments of Germany, France, Italy, and the Low Countries.

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They lost some of their influence in France with the advent of de Gaulle, but have since made a partial comeback and are still strongly entrenched in the higher ranks of the French civil service and the growing technocratic stratum, not to mention the political parties. Taking Western Europe as a whole, they include most of the Socialists, nearly all Liberals, the left-wing Catholics and Christian Democrats, much of the center and right—but not the extreme right—all the trade unions not controlled by the Communists, and a large section of the business world. Their spokesmen range from France's arch-planner Jean Monnet—himself a businessman before he became a technocrat and European federalist—via Belgium's Socialist leader Paul Spaak to "third force" neutralists who hope to convert a federated Europe into an oasis of peace and coexistence between the rival superpowers. Their attachment to "Europe" cuts across party lines and has thus enabled them to survive all the political upheavals of the past fifteen years.

In many cases their roots are in the wartime European Resistance movements, including the German movement. Some of them are survivors of concentration camps; all had by 1945 come to the conclusion that Europe must federate or perish. The division of the Continent into Communist and non-Communist blocs, and the subsequent rise of independent African and Asian states, hardened their determination to push ahead. They were not greatly concerned with long-term aims like world federation, or with the United Nations, which—remembering the League of Nations—they viewed with skepticism. What came uppermost in their minds was Europe, and in the cause of Europe they displayed a persistence, a singlemindedness, an indifference to old national attachments, and occasionally an idealist fanaticism, that took all outsiders by surprise: the British no less than the Russians, the Communists no less than the old unreconstructed nationalists. Of all postwar movements, the "European federalists" must be credited with the greatest measure of success. Even today when the movement has seemingly run out of breath—for neither a Gaullist France nor a Tory Britain is altogether responsive to appeals for total integration—it is probably only marking time. With the Common Market at last in full operation and Britain on the point of being drawn in, the federalists—from Brentano and Hallstein in Germany to Monnet & Co. in France, and to the hard core of all-or-nothing European Unionists in Belgium and Holland—are content for the moment to lie low. Convinced that national sovereignty is dead and that the future is on their side, they are willing to wait a few years until old-fashioned traditionalists like de Gaulle and Macmillan have left the scene. The hour of complete supra-national integration, they believe, will strike within a decade.

ALL THIS is worlds removed from the still prevailing sentiment in the British Isles, where a Tory government spends its time trying to make its supporters believe that it is possible for Britain to enter the Common Market without damaging the Commonwealth link. The belief is unfounded, and one may suppose that in their hearts Macmillan and his colleagues have already decided to put Europe first, though they are obliged to affirm the contrary in public. The point here is that the issue would not have arisen in this form if in 1949, when NATO was set up, the "functionalists" in Britain and Scandinavia had not parted company with the "federalists" on the Continent over the question whether or not an outright attempt should be made to unify Europe at one gulp. The federalists in fact were able in the late 1940's to capture the governments of the "Six," but not Britain or Scandinavia. Here are the roots of the current political dilemma separating Britain and the North from most of Europe. But there was also an issue on which

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the federalists were divided among themselves: should Europe be integrated so as to make it a stronger ally of the United States within an Atlantic partnership, or should it become a "third force" between the rival blocs? The concept of a unified Europe was undefined as between these two sets of aims. The difference did not matter in practice while the Europeans struggled toward their goal in the wearisome round of inter-governmental negotiations which climaxed at Messina and Rome in 1955–57, but it left a legacy of uncertainty. This was emphasized by another cleavage: some of the federalists aimed at a degree of economic integration that would make Europe less dependent on the outside world, while others thought in terms of removing world trade barriers; and the "inward-looking" school also tended to favor economic planning and, in some cases, "third force" neutralism. All this was comically misunderstood by the more insular minds in the British Labor party who suspected the Europeans of being tariff-minded reactionaries; it was better understood in Whitehall, where it was feared that entry into Europe might cut Britain off from the new countries of Africa and Asia. It was fairly well understood in Washington, where the attendant risks were accepted as part of the price to be paid for a stronger Europe. In particular the State Department never yielded to British pressure for "functionalism" (not to mention the recurrent hints in the British press that the Continentals were not really respectable). And so by 1961 Whitehall had pretty well come to the conclusion that the traditional game was up: the Europeans had won.

BUT WHEN, at this point, the Macmillan government finally made up its mind to take the plunge into Europe, it ran into difficulties from Commonwealth statesmen, Tory traditionalists, and those Socialists who suddenly discovered that they had always greatly preferred Dr. Nkrumah to Dr. Adenauer. These three unlikely groups of critics had so little in common that the pro-Europeans at first saw no need to take them seriously. Danger arose only when some prominent people closer to the real center of power began to mutter that perhaps the Atlantic Community offered Britain a way out of the uncomfortable choice between Europe and the Commonwealth. These subdued murmurings grew in volume when American enthusiasts for Atlantic Union, led by Mr. Christian Herter, began to talk vaguely about a possible future "association" between the United States and the Common Market. All at once the anti-Europeans saw an agreeable vision: an Atlantic Community in which Britain, heading the Commonwealth, would hold the balance between the U.S. and Continental Europe, while at the same time retaining its cherished "special relationship" with Washington: a relationship from which the Continentals have always been carefully excluded. The old dream of an Anglo-American alliance—the Churchill-Roosevelt partnership at a higher level—was back again.

It is not too much to say that this dream has been the fundamental cause of all British misfortunes in the postwar world. It has sent successive British governments off on a hopeless chase for independent nuclear great power status, bedeviled Britain's relations with the Continent, and embarrassed the State Department under three different administrations. It was responsible for the Labor government's short-sighted anti-Europeanism in the immediate postwar period, when Britain lost the best chance it ever had of playing a leading part in the new Europe. It underlay the inflated rearmament program which, together with the Korean war, broke the back of the Attlee government in 1951 and led to the consequent disastrous split within the Labor party and that party's steady decline during the past decade. It blinded Churchill's successors to the real intent of American foreign policy and thus helped to produce the Suez

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fiasco in 1956, when Washington suddenly demonstrated its lack of interest in Anglo-American "partnership." It is now threatening to disrupt the Conservative party on the eve of the crucial decision to go into Europe. As soon as the economic negotiations with the "Six" strike their first snag, one may be certain that all the open and concealed enemies of Europeanism will rally round the Atlantic flag. For Atlanticism cuts across party lines: plenty of Laborites—though few Liberals—believe that it offers an escape-hatch from the choice between Europeanism and isolation.

In fact it does nothing of the kind. This is not the place to inquire whether an Atlantic Union with full American partnership is feasible in the 1970's; it obviously is not possible in the 1960's. When President Kennedy is proposing to enter into tariff bargaining discussions with the Common Market, he is not offering to form a customs union whereby Britain could be half in the Common Market and half out. All he is doing is to prepare the way for mutual tariff reductions which—this is the point—would apply to the whole world, though they would in the first place be negotiated between the U.S. and the Common Market. There is to be no exclusive arrangement between Europe and America, but rather a movement toward freer world trade in which other countries will participate. These talks will be simpler if Britain is already in the Common Market, but in any case they will ease the problem of the Commonwealth countries and the remaining European neutrals. Tariff reductions on some products where Europe and America together account for 80 per cent of world trade are obviously a good thing, and the President's chances of getting his proposals through Congress will clearly be improved if Britain looks like joining the Common Market, thus making it more formidable. Once this is done, the enlarged Common Market and the United States can start bargaining over worldwide tariff deals. The formation of a political Atlantic Community is something that will begin to loom on the distant horizon after the prospective partners have shown that they can work together in business. The political cart, in brief, cannot be mounted in front of the economic horse. The Atlantic Union enthusiasts have got their priorities wrong; the first essential is for the British to drop their lingering attachment to the myth of Anglo-American partnership, and enter the Common Market. After that, they—together with the other Europeans—will have to decide whether they want Western Europe to become a partner in an Atlantic Community or a neutral "third force." There is no sense in holding these decisions up, on the silly plea that the United States may decide to amalgamate with Europe.

AND BEYOND THE Common Market and the new Europe? Dreams of "Eurafrica" are probably doomed to disappointment: Pan-Africanist sentiment is not favorable to the notion of a permanent union in which the backward partner would inevitably get the short end of the stick. But a unified Western Europe can hasten the modernization of its former African (and Asian) dependencies, complete the job in Southern Europe and the Mediterranean down to Turkey, break the stranglehold of authoritarian decadence beyond the Pyrenees, and exert a powerful influence on Eastern Europe, where Yugoslavia has already been prized loose from the Soviet bloc. Short of a devastating nuclear war, these aims are attainable within the coming decade. They will not win the cold war or rescue the world from Communism, but they will help to maintain the precarious balance between East and West. And that is a great deal more than any alternative set of policies looks like doing.

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DAVID DANZIG

THE RADICAL RIGHT & THE RISE OF THE FUNDAMENTALIST MINORITY

EARLY IN FEBRUARY of this year a group of leading Protestant ministers and laymen in Dallas, Texas, were invited to form the core of a local chapter of "Christian Citizen," a new national organization whose announced aim is to train Christians in the techniques of practical politics. The founder of Christian Citizen, Mr. Gerri von Frellick (a Denver real estate developer and a Southern Baptist lay leader), spelled out the program of his movement as primarily an educational one whose purpose is to foster Christian principles in the nation's government and to combat "an increasing sense of futility and apathy in America." Qualifications for membership require only that the recruits must "give testimony of their personal experience with Christ" and must "accept the Bible as the infallible word of God." Once having joined, the "Christian Citizen" will be given an extensive training period at the precinct level and then go to work in the political party of his choice. The organization itself, according to von Frellick, will not endorse any candidate or take partisan stands on controversial issues. Appropriate action will be left to the "graduates" who will organize Christians to vote as a bloc and thus "participate effectively in the nation's political life." It is von Frellick's expectation that the movement will eventually become influential enough to "take over a majority of the precincts in this country."

As to actual political objectives, von Frellick has insisted that these are open and unspecified, the ideology of Christian Citizen being that "the democratic process has room for all viewpoints." When questioned about his position on certain key leaders and groups of the much publicized "radical right," von Frellick said that Dr. Fred C. Schwarz's Christian Anti-Communist Crusade was a "terrific" organization and "doing a fabulous job." He also said that the John Birch Society has "made a tremendous contribution to alerting the American people to the problem of Communism." The main difference which the Denver realtor finds between his organization and these others is that they lack "a positive approach"—whereas Christian Citizen can be "a means of launching an offensive in the ideological struggle with Communism."

Behind the vague and pious slogans, then, what we have here is the most recent formation of a cell nucleus in the growing organism of the extreme right. Christian Citizen also offers a particularly clear example of the relation of the more extreme wing of Protestant fundamentalism to the new ultra-conservative movement—a relationship that has frequently been overlooked or scanted by writers in their haste

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to explain the movement in purely political terms and to find its roots in the same general rightist tendencies that produced the politics of Father Coughlin or of Senator McCarthy or Senator Goldwater, as the case may be. While it is true, of course, that Senator McCarthy is taken by the John Birch Society as its second great martyr, there are some significant differences between McCarthyism and the new radical right—one of the most decisive of which has precisely to do with the connection between this radical right and extreme Protestant fundamentalism.

Fundamentalism, when noticed at all by our popular journals, is usually patronized as a colorful fragment of an older, vanishing way of life. But the truth is that fundamentalism is a growing socio-religious force in America. While its more moderate wing has been attempting to work out a position of "classic orthodoxy" in theology and an over-all *modus vivendi* with liberal Protestantism (particularly of the National Council of Churches variety), its more extreme wing, defined in good part by a belligerent opposition to liberal Protestantism and deep hostility to the NCC, has by no means lost ground. It is only of this latter group that we shall be speaking in the following pages.

Fundamentalism is not a sect or a denomination or a specific church; it is a rigorously orthodox point of view which completely dominates some Protestant denominations and has adherents in many others, including even the Episcopal church. Among its basic doctrines are the inerrancy of the Bible, salvation by faith alone, and the pre-millennial return of Christ. On religious questions, it takes a stand against any attempts at revisionism and modernism. This emphasis upon literalness and purity of doctrine makes the fundamentalist look upon pragmatism in the social world with the same suspiciousness and distaste with which he views revisionism in religious doctrine. His commitment to Biblical prophecy, moreover, results in an anti-historicist perspective which readily supports the conspiracy theory of social change. Given all this, and given the association that came to be developed between the "Protestant ethic" and the ideology of 19th-century capitalism, it is not surprising that fundamentalism should always have had a strong disposition to regard the revisions of this ideology (which were partly inspired by Protestant liberals) as the work of heretics and atheistic radicals, infected with and spreading false doctrines in a conspiratorial manner.*

In fundamentalist eyes, departures from 19th-century capitalism have carried with them the corruption of virtually sanctified socio-economic doctrines and have consequently helped to undermine the Christian society. Thus, the fundamentalist's apocalyptic conception of the world as strictly divided into the saved and the damned, the forces of good and the forces of evil, has readily lent itself to reactionary political uses. Fundamentalism today supports a super-patriotic Americanism; the conflict with Communism is not one of power blocs but of faiths, part of the unending struggle between God and the devil. The danger of Communism, therefore, is from within—from the corrosion of faith by insidious doctrines. That is to say, by "collectivism"—the modern fundamentalist's secular counterpart of atheism.

THE INHERENTLY CONSERVATIVE bent of fundamentalism has been further reinforced in America by regional factors. The fundamentalist population has always been located predominantly in the South, the border states, the Middle West, and in several Western states. It was partly as a spokesman for this population that William Jennings Bryan could talk of the East as "enemy territory," and express

* In his *History of Fundamentalism*, Stewart Cole speaks of fundamentalism as "the organized determination of conservative churchmen to continue the imperialistic culture of historic Protestantism, within an inhospitable civilization dominated by secular interests and a progressive Christian idealism."

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their economic plight in the fundamentalist imagery of the "cross of gold" speech. In Bryan, as later in Huey Long, the hatred of finance capitalism, or "Wall Street," by a rural population could produce the reforming spirit of Populism without appreciably liberalizing the impacted prejudices of fundamentalist social attitudes. As H. Richard Niebuhr has said:

> The fundamentalist movement was related in some localities to . . . intense racialism or sectionalism. With them it shared antagonism to changes in the mores which the war [World War I] and its consequences, the rise to power of previously submerged immigrant or racial groups and other social processes, brought forth. The political effectiveness of fundamentalism was due in part to this association and *to the support which it gave to political leaders,* who found in it a powerful symbolism representative of the antagonism of political and economic minorities against the eastern or northern urban industrial majority.

The influence of fundamentalist ideas on the political and social life of these regions is seen in the fact that the states in which the movement predominated were the ones that passed—or nearly passed—statutes forbidding the teaching of evolution in the schools and that first enacted prohibition laws. Similarly, fundamentalism's ancient and unregenerate hostility to Catholicism was in good part responsible for the heavy losses which the Democrat Al Smith suffered in 1928 in these regions.

THE STATES that repudiated Darwinism and Al Smith are today prominent among those nineteen that have passed "Right to Work" laws. Since World War I the social base of fundamentalism has shifted markedly, though few political writers have apparently noticed the shift. Its constituency is no longer mainly made up of sharecroppers and poorly educated villagers. Many fundamentalist churches are modern and imposing, financed by wealthy oilmen from Texas and Oklahoma and prosperous farmers in the wheat and corn belts. Rich and influential lay leaders such as J. Howard Pew and von Frellick now make their influence felt in the power structure of the community and state. The fundamentalists also operate a vast network of colleges, training schools, Bible institutions, Bible prophecy conferences, prayer meetings, and study groups. They have many large publishing houses which blanket small towns with conservative tracts and pamphlets. An increase in Protestant orthodoxy has added members to their churches at a more rapid rate than the liberal churches have been able to show. Though still more numerous in the small sects and local churches such as the Pentecostal and Seventh Day Adventists* and among the Southern Baptists, the fundamentalists, in some areas, are also found in the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and to a lesser degree, in the Episcopal and Congregationalist ones. For example, the members of a Congregationalist church in Los Angeles and an Episcopal church in Fort Worth, both cities with powerful fundamentalist traditions, are likely to have a stronger affinity with these traditions than with those practiced by their sister church memberships in the large New England cities.

Population movements, affluence, and mass culture have all, of course, obscured some of the distinct regional features of fundamentalism. But it would be a mistake to view the more prosperous and integrated surfaces of contemporary fundamentalism as indicating any real loss or modification of its identity. Though it has become increasingly middle class, this has not changed its profoundly conservative character, and its vast wealth and growing respectability have mainly served to broaden the base of its traditional antagonism to modern reform capitalism. Its

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* Many of these small sects are affiliated with the National Association of Evangelicals which claims a total membership of about ten million.

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local and regional character has insulated it from the influence of religious pluralism; still mainly Anglo-Saxon, it has preserved—unlike Catholicism and liberal Protestantism—an ethnic homogeneity that shields it from the liberalizing social adjustments invariably created by contending ethnic interests.

WITH THE CONTINUING world crisis, fundamentalism is finding a new political relevance for its doctrines and an arena in which it can exert its growing influence. As *Christian Century,* the leading organ of liberal Protestantism, observed recently: "Now the fundamentalists have apparently decided that the time has come to break out of their isolation and to contend for the soul of American Protestantism." A special target of theirs has been the National Council of Churches—the citadel of modern Protestantism. On the whole the attacks have come in the rural areas rather than the large cities, by means of local media rather than national. (One exception was an Air Force manual charging that the National Council of Churches was infiltrated by Communism, which had the effect of driving the Fourth Baptist Church of Wichita, Kansas—the largest local church in the Baptist convention—to withdraw from the convention in protest of its affiliation with the Council.) In those regions populated with churches, schools, publishing houses, and study groups that are dominated by fundamentalists, liberal Protestantism has been subjected to an avalanche of bigotry and calumny exceeded in intensity only by the worst period of anti-Catholic propaganda.

In analyzing the motives behind these attacks, Dr. Truman B. Douglas, formerly vice president of the Board of Home Missions of the Congregational Churches, has explained that "what they really want is to silence the witness of the Church *on all social problems and issues. . . .*" That is to say, on all social issues and problems other than Communism. However, as we began by indicating, the fundamentalist mentality and temperament—in the extreme, unregenerate forms that we are discussing in this article—is unable to view the threat of Russian or Chinese Communism in pragmatic and realistic ways. For the fundamentalist mind the great menace of Communism is less in its military power than in its *doctrines,* and the main threat of these doctrines is not that they operate abroad but at home. Like the "papists" of America who, the fundamentalist continues to believe, have never ceased in their insidious and cunningly concealed attempts to undermine the faith and institutions of Protestant America and to deliver the nation up to Rome, the Communists today are everywhere at work disseminating under such subterfuges as "liberalism" and "middle-of-the-road progressivism" the heretical doctrines of collectivism that are poisoning American faith and subverting its social order. Instead of a puissant and pure Christian America marching resolutely toward its apocalyptic encounter with the Soviet anti-Christ, the nation, drugged with false doctrines and blinded by traitorous leaders, is being carried down the road to appeasement and, eventually, capitulation.

It is not surprising to discover, then, that Robert Welch, who has built his organization to fight a conspiracy which numbers President Eisenhower among its members, should have come from a strong fundamentalist background, or that John Birch himself first prepared for his martyrdom in China by being suspended from college because of the extremist zeal of his fundamentalist activities. Much of the affinity of fundamentalism for what is today called the radical right derives from the attempt to wed Protestant zeal and reactionary animus which developed and took shape during the New Deal years. The leader of one such group, the Christian Freedom Foundation, wrote a diatribe which was titled *The Menace of Roosevelt.* During the same period of the middle

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1930's, an organization called Spiritual Mobilization was established "to check the trend toward pagan statism." In coming out of their "isolation," as the *Christian Century* puts it, the fundamentalists are not only "competing for the soul of Protestantism" but are also trying to reassert the traditional cultural and political supremacy of conservative Protestantism. Its leaders—men like the Reverend Billy Joe Hargis, the Reverend Fred C. Schwarz, the Reverend James Fifield—are no less aware than the late Senator McCarthy was of the demagogic possibilities inherent in an anti-Communist crusade. But they enjoy an advantage that McCarthy did not have: a massive potential following which is prepared to accept the belief that a restoration of the influence of the old-time religion must be accompanied by a return to the pre-New Deal era of free enterprise and isolationism if the country is to be purged of its disabling doses of collectivism and internationalism. Thus the fundamentalist movement provides both potent political images and popular support to rally other disaffected Americans of different backgrounds who nonetheless feel that they, as well as the nation as a whole, have been losing power, and who are united not only in their hostility to Communism but in their anti-minority, anti-city, anti-labor, and anti-international attitudes.

THE ELECTION OF A Catholic to the Presidency has signalled the change in America from a Protestant nation with a prevailing Anglo-Saxon tradition to a pluralistic nation with a Protestant tradition. The defeats that the South has been suffering in civil rights mark the demise of white supremacy in its own sectional stronghold. Given current population trends, increasing urbanization, the organizational growth of minority groups, these changes are not likely to be reversed. Not long ago a leading figure in Spiritual Mobilizers, who also heads a large and wealthy Los Angeles church, articulated part of what the fundamentalist position amounts to in socio-ethnic terms when he reportedly said, "We are not going to give the city away to the Jews, Negroes, and Mexicans." Such cities as Houston, Miami, and Los Angeles were always fundamentalist strongholds, but the fact that they are now also centers of rightist politics is at least partly to be explained in terms of local responses to a growing Catholic minority, a growing Jewish community, and rapidly increasing Negro or Spanish-speaking minorities.

While the election of Kennedy reflected a decline in bigotry in some quarters, his campaign stimulated a recrudescence of it in others; and his career as President is likely to provoke an increase in self-consciousness among our religious communities and a heightened awareness of their sources of contention—in other words, it is likely to deepen the pattern of religious pluralism in America even further. The fundamentalists' reaction to the ascendancy of pluralism is double-sided. As Anglo-Saxon Protestants, in the main, they are reacting to the loss of the political dominance that came from their majority position. As *fundamentalist* Protestants, however, they are a particularly fervent and committed religious *minority* and one growing in wealth and numbers and ambition. As such, they are behaving more and more like other important minorities in America—demanding more time and space in the media, and devoting more energy to organizing their constituencies for social and political action. Whatever else may develop, it is abundantly clear that the Protestant fundamentalists have now taken their place among the other distinct groups—the Catholics, liberal Protestants, Jews, Negroes, and secular humanists—that make up the pluralistic socio-religious pattern of America.

In trying to convince the community that America's interest will best be served through their leadership, many fundamentalist religious and lay leaders have been moving into the seats of power which have

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opened on the radical right. Insofar as militant anti-Communism today has a socio-religious cast, fundamentalism has replaced Catholicism as the spearhead of the movement.* None of this is to say, of course, that the radical right has become identified with the aspirations of a single group—it would hardly have got off the ground if it had. The radical right cuts across all groups in varying degrees, and no doubt there is still a hard core of Catholic McCarthyites who have followed his sanctified image into the radical right movement. Father John F. Cronin, the author of the pamphlet issued last month by the NCWC attacking the new "extremists of the right," was indeed quoted by the New York *Times* as saying that "quite a few Catholics" belong to the John Birch Society.

BUT SUPPORTERS of Senator McCarthy were, on the whole, a much more variegated and dispersed group than the constituency of the radical right today seems to be. Though many Catholics found in the Senator an expression of their militant anti-Communism, McCarthyism never became a "Catholic movement." It drew the bulk of its support from the traditional "isolationist bloc"—pro-German and anti-British—who had opposed an alliance with Communist Russia against Nazi Germany. McCarthy also had a sizeable following in the large cities, in the national veterans' organizations, and in working-class groups—particularly those with roots in countries now behind the Iron Curtain.

From his famous first speech in Wheeling, West Virginia, McCarthy clearly played up to the minority groups, who were attracted by his hard anti-Communism, which they saw as posing no threat to the economic gains they had made during the New Deal. For the most part, McCarthy managed to attack New Deal liberalism for allowing itself to be infiltrated by Communists, without directly challenging the policies and practices of reformed capitalism that had been achieved by the Democratic coalition and had come to be supported by the middle-of-the-road consensus in America. Seen in historical perspective, McCarthyism was the final phase in the repudiation of our wartime alliance with Russia; the charges of treason and disloyalty were aimed vengefully by those who had always considered Stalin a greater menace than Hitler against those who had taken the opposite position and engineered the alliance with Russia, and who might therefore be held responsible for the post-war predicaments which had flowed from that alliance. However, McCarthyism was virtually devoid of social and economic content as well as religious inspiration, and so lacked stable bases of local, popular support. With an all but inevitable logic, McCarthy was forced to play out his role in the national arena where his main concerns lay. Once his performance there had been discredited by the changes in international policy that were already in progress when his star appeared on the horizon, and by his unchecked hostility to the Executive branch that was now in the hands of his own party, McCarthy collapsed. And with no further issues and grass-roots support which his followers could exploit, McCarthyism, in effect, collapsed with him.

The radical right, as we have been seeing, is a very different affair, one

* Father Robert A. Graham, among others, has called attention to this change in a recent issue of *America:* "It was not so long ago that Catholics were regarded as the most active foes of Communism. This can no longer be said today. Dr. Fred C. Schwarz's anti-Communist Christian Crusade is of predominantly Baptist inspiration. The National Education Program of Dr. George S. Benson [of the Church of Christ], is another fundamentalist operation. It is no accident that the key centers of the John Birch Society are in the fundamentalist South and Southwest." An even more authoritative indication of the fact that the new radical right does not lean on a predominantly Catholic base is the campaign begun last month by the National Catholic Welfare Conference—the central administrative body of the American Bishops—to discourage participation by Catholics in extreme anti-Communist movements.

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with a definite political, economic, and social purpose, and able to capitalize on the growing power of an important religious group which has long felt the denial of its rightful share in shaping the policies of the nation. To be sure, fundamentalist conservatism is today by no means a monolithic ideology. Even as von Frellick was attempting to recruit prominent ministers and lay leaders in Dallas for Christian Citizen, a leader of the Baptist General Convention of Texas was publicly reminding them of the recent recommendation of the Convention that "Baptists . . . exercise caution when asked to support efforts to mobilize Christians into a political power." But despite this recommendation, and despite warnings by other Baptists and moderate fundamentalists, it remains clear that large numbers of fundamentalists *are* being "mobilized" and that their religious and regional conservatism is converting readily into the ideology of the radical right and swelling the chorus of reactionary and apocalyptic voices in the land.

THE MAIN STRENGTH and appeal of fundamentalist conservatism lies in its nativist nationalism. In the "gray atmosphere" of America's tense, cautious international power struggle with the Soviet Union in a nuclear age—an atmosphere made even more troubled by the rise of the minorities within the society—its program of "Americanism" becomes a way of explaining the nation's loss of supremacy and autonomy; it also provides a set of crusading directives for the road to Armageddon that dispels uncertainty and discharges both national tensions and local frustrations. On the international scene, it identifies America's "decline" and the Communist ascendancy with the loss of the West's four-hundred-year monopoly of power and with the passing of Anglo-Saxon dominance. The immense strengthening of America's world position since the war counts for nothing in the light of our failure to assume the world dominance which Great Britain has relinquished. The shock which followed Sputnik has doubtless helped to bring on the somewhat delayed discovery by certain people in the hinterlands that the American century had been lost, just as the Supreme Court decision on desegregation and the election of Kennedy woke many of the same people to the fact that political power in America was also passing out of their hands.

The appeal of the new nativist nationalism, however, need not remain confined to the rabid—as McCarthyism, being a form of revenge politics, necessarily was. The redistribution of power both abroad and at home has disheartened many moderate people—those who gladly might have settled for less than a monopoly if they could be sure that the Russians (and the Chinese) would do likewise, and who might have accepted the claims of the racial, religious, and ethnic minorities (and of labor), so long as these did not encroach upon their own lives, and so long as their own interests continued to be dominantly represented. Feeling that all of this is no longer the case, the nativist segment of the Protestant population becomes a prey of those who would like to replace the pluralistic orientation which has led America to a precarious co-existence by a doctrinaire, chauvinistic Americanism seeking to achieve a *"Pax Americana."* In Protestant fundamentalism, imbued with nationalism—not unlike the case of pre-World War II German Lutheranism—many formerly moderate people find a powerful rationale and symbolism for this complex of attitudes. The practical program to support the "Americanist" effort in foreign affairs has the further attraction of asking for the abolition of the welfare state, which the Protestants in question see as benefiting mainly the minorities whose rise to prominence has begun to threaten their control within the society and reshape their America in a different image. Thus they are susceptible to a program which by calling for a return to a 19th-century type of capi-

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talism and an end to collaboration with our allies on an equal basis, will bring into power those native groups who can restore their traditional position in the scheme of things. It is on such anxieties and impulses that the radical right has battened.

Whoever has taken the radical right as amounting to nothing more than the fulminations of a few crackpots, or the temporary prominence of the lunatic fringe achieved mainly by publicity, would do well to ponder the matter further. More thought had better be taken, also, by those who have concluded that since the radical right is unlikely to take over America, it can be disregarded as a growing power bloc and a potential influence for harm.

WHILE IT IS PROBABLY true that the new-found strength of reactionary ideas cannot be said to indicate a turn toward conservatism in the population at large, it does seem to indicate that American conservatism is being pulled to the right. This in itself represents a gain for the ultras. But what gives them an even greater potentiality for influence is the fact that they operate at the local and state levels, where a minimum of pressure can exert a maximum of effect, and where there is no necessity for taking the risk of an all-or-nothing gamble—as McCarthy, working at the national level only, was forced to do. This does not mean that the new ultras are interested only in local affairs. On the contrary, as a distinct and now politically self-conscious minority within the pluralistic pattern, they are demanding a greater voice in the shaping of national policy, which they hope to achieve through a strategy of interlocking local pressures. (The effectiveness of such a strategy can be seen from the enormous amount of attention Manager Mitchell attracted through his attack on public welfare programs in the city of Newburgh; a similar attack in Congress would probably have fallen flat.)

So far as foreign policy is concerned, there is even an advantage to the ultras in being an out-of-power faction: they can conduct their programs with wild irresponsibility, blanketing the country with small undercover cells, repressing free discussion, and imposing a doctrinaire conformity. The effect of all this is to reduce the government's opportunities for a flexible handling of delicate problems such as we now face in Germany, in the UN, in Africa. Perhaps most important of all, the ultras make it very difficult for the country to dissociate itself from the imperialism and white supremacy in which the Anglo-Saxon world has figured so prominently in the past. It is ironic, if not yet tragic, that having more or less united the Western world around the belief that the best way to oppose Communism is through the promotion of social reform and the development of international pluralism, America should now be the scene of a nativist movement which would substitute for this idea a belligerent nationalism, one whose socio-religious mystique is not very different from that with which certain European nations recently experimented and in so disastrous a fashion.

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ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

FROM MY FATHER'S COURTROOM

Like "A Gruesome Question" and "Strange Merchandise," which appeared in our January issue, the two pieces below (translated from the Yiddish by Channah Kleinerman and taken from the volume Mein Taten's Bes-din Shtub—*"My Father's Courtroom") are accounts of actual incidents that Isaac Bashevis Singer remembers from his childhood in Warsaw. His father was a rabbi in a particularly rough quarter of the city, and a great variety of types passed in and out of the elder Singer's house, coming for rulings on points of Jewish law, for adjudication of their disputes, and for personal advice and comfort. Among Mr. Singer's translated works are* The Magician of Lublin, Satan in Goray, Gimpel the Fool, *and* The Spinoza of Market Street.

The Will

The door opened, and a man with a beard so long I've seen its equal only once in my life, entered. The great beard, black as pitch, and with a rich gloss and density that made one think of a thickly foliaged tree, reached to the man's knees, and then branched out into a separate little "beardkin." The man was short and stoutish, dressed in an expensive-looking overcoat, goatskin boots, and silk hat. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles padded with cotton at the bridge to protect his nose. An aura of complacency and Hasidic good nature enveloped him.

My father welcomed the stranger into the study and bade him be seated. Soon my father asked, "And what good news do you bring us?"

"I wish to draw up my will," said the stranger.

My father sat motionless. I, who was also present, became frightened. My father began to stammer. It was rare that anyone came to him with such a request, and the few who did were very old men. He turned toward his visitor. "But you look like a man in the prime of life."

"First of all, I'm not a youngster. Secondly, one never knows what tomorrow may bring."

And the visitor cited verses from the Bible and the Talmud to prove that every man should be prepared at all times for his death. Even as he spoke, he lit a cigar. Then he took out a snuffbox and offered it to my father. It was an unusual box, made of ivory decorated with carving, the kind of souvenir one brought back from a summer resort. He removed his overcoat and remained in his brand-new coat and a vest with a gold watch-chain dangling over it. He took out his watch and I saw that it had three lids and a face with Hebrew letters instead of numerals. It was obvious that this was a man of some wealth and of a Hasidic background steeped in traditional Jewish ways.

"What is your profession?" My father asked the direct question without ceremony.

"I own a bookstore on Świętokrzyska Street."

"Books?"

"Not the books of the Enlightenment, God forbid, but books for Gentiles, in Polish, Russian, German, French—all languages. The Yiddish and Hebrew books of the atheists I don't take into my shop."

"And you know all these languages?"

"I frequently speak with the most famous professors at the universities. If they need a Polish or a Latin book, they come

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to me and I tell them where to look. I am known throughout Poland. I receive letters from professors in Cracow. I have a worldwide reputation. I am what is known as a bibliographer."

"As long as it is for the Gentiles. . . ." my father said.

After a while the man began to dictate his will to my father. It was a will to cast terror upon the listener. He prescribed what prayers were to be recited at the moment he drew his last breath; how the body was to be carried; what Psalms were to be said by those keeping watch before the funeral; how he was to be handled at the moment of burial. He was well-versed in the wills of famous rabbis, and whenever my father objected that something was not according to the Law, he would cite one or another such testament and my father was unable to refute him. He knew everything better. My father covered a large sheet with his fine script and the man read it over slowly and apparently with great satisfaction. Then he signed, "These are the words of the deceased." He embellished his signature with fine flourishes.

The man paid three rubles for the writing of the will. He confided to my father that although he looked well enough, his lungs were diseased and the doctors had given him but little longer to live. Strangely enough, he had discussed only questions of religious ceremony in the will: prayers, charities, scholarly quotations, the observance of the annual anniversary of his death. He had dictated nothing about his business affairs. For these worldly matters he had perhaps had another will drawn up by a notary public.

After the writing of the will, the stranger seemed to have developed an appetite. He sent me down to fetch half a buttercake and a pint of boiled milk. He washed his hands and pronounced the benediction. When he finished eating, he recited a leisurely grace. Then he smoked a cigar, exhaling rings of smoke, and turned to me.

"Are you studying?"

"Yes."

"What are you learning?"

"Babba Kama."

He questioned me on this beginner's text from the Talmud and pinched my cheek. I was frightened. Although the man's fingers were soft and warm, I felt as though a corpse had touched me. He gave me a coin and said, "Don't get into any mischief now."

Three rubles were a welcome addition to my father's meager income, but there was an uncanny silence in our house when the stranger had left. He had expressed such precise wishes about how his shroud should be sewn, how his body was to be purified. He had already bought a plot and ordered his headstone, in the cemetery on Gęsia Street. He had specified to the last detail how the pallbearers were to carry the coffin, and how they should arrange the head, the hands, the feet, the boards. It was too much. At the same time I had the eerie feeling that the man took a perverse kind of pleasure in the morbid details. He had indeed eaten the cake I brought him with a hearty appetite, and when a crumb fell into the tangle of his beard, he had carefully extricated it and swallowed it down. He had also warned me to be sure that the boiled milk had formed a skin.

Some time later I had occasion to be on Świętokrzyska Street. Perhaps I even went there just to see this man? He stood in his shop, which was filled with books. University and high-school students, boys and girls, crowded around the shelves, searching, browsing. The man was arguing with someone in Polish. On his face shone the joy of doing business, the pleasure of a man of means. Behind the counter stood a plump woman wearing a matron's wig, together with a young girl—probably their daughter. I stood at the window and looked in. Not only old books were on display, but other antiques too: a porcelain figurine with a naked belly, a plaster-of-Paris bust, all sorts of candlesticks (but not

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the Jewish kind), and other bric-a-brac of brass, copper, and bronze. Everything in the shop looked pagan, strange. But the owner was a Jew immersed in Torah and the Hereafter.

A long time passed. Suddenly the man appeared once more in our house. A few gray hairs showed in his pitch-black beard, but otherwise he looked as stout and as fresh as the first time. It was winter and he wore a rich fur coat and galoshes lined with a soft material. He carried an umbrella with a silver handle. He explained that he had come to alter his will.

"How is your health?"

"What is the good of asking about my health?" he answered. "I am—may no evil befall you—a very sick man."

"The Almighty will grant you a full recovery."

"Of course, He—blessed be His name—can perform miracles. But if nature takes its course, I cannot keep going much longer. How long can a man live without lungs?"

Father paled and reminded the man of the miracle that had been performed on behalf of the wife of Rabbi Hanina ben Dussa. One Friday, instead of filling the lamp with oil, she had filled it with vinegar. But Rabbi Hanina said: "He Who commanded oil to burn can also command vinegar to burn." And the lamp burned on that Sabbath just as on every other Sabbath. The same is true of lungs—if the Creator desires that a man should live, he will live.

The man did not receive my father's comforting words kindly. He coughed, spat into his handkerchief, and cited a verse of the Gemara in answer: "Not every day does a miracle occur."

"One of our Sages declared that even the normal course of nature is miraculous."

"Of course, of course. But yet, without lungs one cannot breathe, and when you don't breathe. . . . After all, the body is only a body. . . ."

The changes in the will were thoroughgoing. He had in the meantime studied countless other wills, and he now introduced all sorts of innovations. He wanted the shards placed over his eyes in a very special manner. The switch, or myrtle twig, that is put in the hands of the deceased was to be different, too. The purification of the body was to be done with the yolk of an egg and with a silver spoon he had bought in some distant town and that had been used by an old-time Burial Association.

I could tell by the look on my father's face that the exaggerated interest the man took in these melancholy matters was not to his liking. He raised his eyebrows and silently seemed to say: Too much . . . too much. . . . But the candidate for the next world spent hours upon hours in our house. He worked out a list of instructions with a multitude of details. From time to time he would ask for something to be erased, and something else substituted for it. All during this time he smoked, took snuff, sneezed. Again he felt hungry and again I went down to buy milk and cake.

From that day the man came every year, and sometimes twice a year. His beard turned gray slowly, without haste. His face remained rosy and fat, and his rolling black eyes shone with the joy of life and the pleasures of a successful businessman. He kept changing his will, adding new paragraphs each time. My father was far from being a humorist, but even he began to make occasional jests about the man who so steadfastly maintained that he already had one foot in the grave. Many apparently healthy men during these years had passed on to the next world. But the bookseller of Świętokrzyska Street was still rewriting his will. My father barely managed to suppress a smile whenever he appeared at our door. Even I, who had once been so afraid of him and his morbid conversation, began to get used to him. This was a man who played with death as the children in the street played their games. The three rubles he paid for

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rewriting his will became a regular part of our income.

Gradually his beard grew white as milk. As it had formerly glistened in its blackness, it now sparkled in its whiteness. In order to complete the story I must rush time on. The war broke out. The Germans entered Warsaw. But even amidst battles, famine, and uprising, the bookseller did not forget his will. He now paid marks instead of rubles for amending it. The will itself had become a thick brochure. My mother stitched the pages together with heavy thread.

In 1917 my mother left Warsaw with us children. But a short time before our departure from the capital I passed Świętokrzyska Street. The bookseller still stood busily behind his counter, and students were still searching through the shelves. This time there were also German officers in the shop.

Eventually, I suppose, the man died. By then he must have been quite old, and I doubt whether his will was ever carried out. It would have required an entire squadron of members of the Burial Association, who would have had to spend days studying and memorizing his instructions. Most probably no one read or seriously thought about his will. But while the man lived, this document had given him a great deal of pleasure.

Reb Moishe Ba-Ba-Ba

He was known as Reb Moishe Ba-ba-ba. Why "Ba-ba-ba"? Because that was how he talked. "Ba-ba-ba, the Almighty will help. . . . Ba-ba-ba, the Messiah will come and the world finally will be redeemed. . . . Ba-ba-ba, it is good to be a Jew. What greater pleasure can there be than being a Jew? I'll give up all theaters, all riches, all delicacies for one *Mincha* prayer, for one chapter of Psalms, one *Asher Yotzar*! If a person were to offer me all the gold in the world, all the palaces and fortresses and soldiers and Cossacks, on condition that I skip one blessing, I would laugh in his face. These are vanity, trifles, not worth an empty egg-shell. But when I recite the blessing: 'By Whose word all things exist,' I feel renewed strength in my very bones. Just think of it: 'Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, by Whose word all things exist.' All things, all! The heavens, the earth, I, you, even—forgive the comparison—the dog in the street. All were created by Him, the Creator, and to us He gave the power to praise Him. Is not this sufficient earthly pleasure? I'd exchange all fancy balls and all pleasure resorts for the words of one saint—his sighs and his gestures. You are only a boy—what does a boy understand? —but I give you my word, the second night of a festival at the court of Kuzmir was a pleasure greater than can be known by any worldling, emperor, general, or reveler. Every minute savored of Paradise. He who has never spent a holiday in Kuzmir, has no idea of true pleasure, ba-ba-ba!"

Reb Moishe must have been very ancient, for he had been a frequenter of the court of Rabbi Haskele Kuzmirer. He looked to be nearly a hundred. His white beard was turning yellow. The hairs of his earlocks were falling out, and his brow was wrinkled like parchment. He wore an old-fashioned gaberdine, a velvet hat with a high crown, half-boots, pantaloons, and white socks. His ritual fringes reached below his knees. His sons supported him. Reb Moishe himself had only one occupation: being a devout Jew. He was always either praying, or studying, or poring over the *Zohar,* or reciting the midnight service. He never had a minute to spare. But he found time to visit my father and talk of Hasidic lore. Reb Moishe, having been to the courts of almost all the miracle rabbis of Poland, was an expert on the Hasidic dynasties.

As long as we lived at No. 10 Krochmalna Street, Reb Moishe had no difficulty in visiting us. There the entrance gate was wide. But when we moved, years

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later, to No. 12, the trouble began. The gate was narrow and right in the middle sat Mirele, the baker's daughter, by her side baskets heaped with bread, Sabbath loaves and rolls. Mirele was a girl of seventeen, but she had the bosom of a mature woman. Her chest filled half the entryway. Also, Mirele had the habit of keeping her money in her stocking. Whenever she was handed a paper bill, she lifted her skirt and displayed a leg as round as a *cholent* pot. Her stocking was held up by a pink garter. Mirele had no false modesty. And there was always a group of women and girls standing around her, feeling the rolls to see whether they were fresh and their crusts crisp. Some young fellows were also usually there, gossiping with Mirele and the servant girls who came to buy her wares.

To pass through such a gate, filled with women and the lure of the Tempter, was something Reb Moishe could not do. He would approach and begin to pound with his walking stick—a signal for the women to clear his path. Once Mirele angrily shouted at Reb Moishe:

"You pious old oaf, what are you so afraid of? What makes you think that I want *you?*"

But Reb Moishe would continue pounding with his stick until Mirele and the women stepped aside out of his way. Then Reb Moishe would grab the nearest boy and pass through the gate holding on to him. For, according to the Law, two men together may walk through a group of women, since one can guard the other.

Not only the gateway, the entire courtyard was filled with obstacles. Servant girls sang, and Reb Moishe stopped his ears, for *the voice of woman leads to lewdness.* The sound of gramophones came through open windows, and sometimes a troupe of magicians and acrobats gave a performance in the courtyard; a half-naked girl, wearing short breeches and a beaded jacket, walked on her hands. Every step of the way was fraught with danger. Servants sat on the stairs, grating horseradish and slicing onions. All the world's females seemed to be waylaying Reb Moishe Ba-ba-ba, trying to deflect him from the narrow path of righteousness and lead him to Gehenna. But Reb Moishe carried his weapon—his walking stick. He closed his eyes and pounded the stone flags with his stick.

"Nu! . . . nu! . . . nu! . . ."

Even passing through our kitchen was not easy. My mother was indeed a pious woman, a Rebbetzin. But a female is still a female. Reb Moishe would not even ask her whether my father was at home: he did not wish to hear her voice. He went straight into the study. Only there did he open his eyes and call out:

"Ba-ba-ba! Praised be the Almighty!"

"Welcome, Reb Moishe! . . . Sit down. . . ."

And they would begin to talk about "good Jews"—that is, Hasidic miracle-rabbis. Reb Moishe told of one such rabbi who prayed that he might have only a small group of followers. He told of another who performed so many miracles that they sprawled under the tables and benches of his court. Of a third he related that even the dead came to see him, and that he therefore never extinguished the light in his chamber. I was fascinated most by the story of the rabbi who, six nights a week, slept fully dressed. Why? Because the Messiah might come at any moment, and the rabbi did not want to waste time dressing. This way he would be able to run to greet him at once. Then, why didn't he do the same on Sabbath nights? The Messiah will not come on the Sabbath, for the holiness of the Sabbath is so great that even the Redemption is, by comparison, a profane thing. . . . All these stories Reb Moishe told with extraordinary brevity. At the same time he would mutter to himself, gesticulate with his hands, pluck at his beard, and call out from time to time: "Ba-ba-ba." My father each time was astonished over again by his tales of the saints.

Mother would enter to serve tea. At

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once Reb Moishe turned his head and closed his eyes. The notion that my mother might arouse the evil inclination in anyone seemed very far-fetched to me. I saw her as an elderly woman, well in her thirties. . . .

"Reb Moishe, how did Reb Haskele look?" my father asked.

Reb Moishe good-humoredly pretended to be annoyed by the question.

"How he looked? Like an angel of God! Who could look straight at his face? One's eyes were blinded. On Friday nights he would wear a white gaberdine, like the saints of ancient times. He himself recited the benediction over the Sabbath lights. That was his way."

"Not the Rebbetzin?"

"The Rebbetzin too."

"It is the first time I have ever heard of that!" my father exclaimed.

"What do you youngsters know?" Reb Moishe showed his irritation with my father. "You are children . . . mere schoolchildren. You missed it all. Is this what you call a generation? Boys, only boys. . . . Are there today any true Hasidim? You sit in a train and ride to the Rabbi. What art is there in that? In my days we went on foot. If you wanted to reach Kuzmir for Rosh Hashonah, you left home right after the Sabbath following Tisha B'Av. You went from inn to inn, and drank a toast in each. The journey there was a great event in itself. We walked through the fields and sang Kuzmirer melodies. Sometimes we spent a night in the woods. In one tavern they used to keep a keg of brandy in the main room. There was a straw stuck in the keg, and whoever came in took a sip. To the side, there was some cold veal, and everyone had a bite. Hasidim from every town and city met together and talked for days. When older Hasidim talked in those days, the young fellows did not dare to interrupt. Now every snot-nose has something to say. . . . There was a time when, if a young fellow was insolent, they held him down on a wooden bench and gave him a thrashing. And afterward he had to treat the entire company to drinks. . . . Approaching within a few miles of Kuzmir, one could already feel its sanctity in the air. We began to dance and danced our way into Kuzmir. . . ."

"Was it easy to see the Rabbi in person?"

"Easy? Why should things be easy? Sometimes the Rabbi made his appearance immediately, and sometimes he remained secluded in his chamber, and one had to wait for days. The beds in the lodging houses were made up for us, but we slept on the hard benches in the study house, just in case the Rabbi should come out of his chamber. But when the Rabbi did at last appear, the study house was filled with light, literally full with light. . . ."

While Reb Moishe spoke, the door opened and a girl in a red dress, with red slippers on her bare feet, entered.

"I came to ask the Rabbi. . . ."

"Nu, ask!" said my father.

"We were cooking a meat broth, and on the stove some milk boiled over and spilled into it."

"How much was there? How much meat were you cooking?"

"Ten pounds of meat and two chickens."

"All in one pot?"

"Yes."

"And how much milk spilled into it?"

"Half a quart."

"Half a quart of milk spilled into the broth? How much milk were you boiling?"

"Six quarts."

My father was constantly amazed by the size of the cooking pots used in Warsaw. We never cooked more than a pound of meat at a time, and if one wanted milk, one boiled a half pint or a pint. But it seemed that the Jews of Warsaw were great eaters. They used, not ordinary pots, but veritable caldrons. Again Father asked the girl for the particulars. He could hardly believe that half a quart of milk could boil over all at once. According to

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the Law, in order for the broth to remain kosher, there had to be sixty times as much meat as milk. He questioned her over and over. It was no light matter to pronounce unclean food that had been bought with hard-earned money. After much hesitation and thought, my father declared:

"It is *treif*. The broth may not be eaten, nor may it be sold even to a non-Jew. It must be poured into the sewer."

The girl laughed.

"But we've already eaten the broth and the meat too."

My father shuddered.

"When? And why did you come to consult me now?"

"I came about the pot."

"But why did you eat without asking? You have eaten forbidden food!" Father shouted at her.

"Well, everybody was hungry. Mother was not home . . . my older sister was serving. . . ."

While the girl spoke, Reb Moishe hissed like a snake. Had it not been a girl, but a man, he would have slapped his face. "First they eat unclean food, these scoundrels, and afterward they come to ask questions of the Rabbi. . . . Woe is us, the world has been abandoned! . . ." Reb Moishe began to grumble, to cough, to grimace. "They rebel against their Creator. They devour all manner of vileness and defilement. Is it any wonder that the coming of the Messiah is delayed? Is it surprising that we are sinking into the iniquities of the Egyptians? . . ."

The girl left. Reb Moishe shook his head from side to side. "Nu-nu-nu, ba-ba-ba!"

Father tried to resume the talk about Kuzmir, but Reb Moishe would no longer discuss Hasidic lore. That the gateway and the courtyard were filled with levity—that was an old story. But lawlessness could enter even here, into the Rabbi's own study. Then there was no escape! Reb Moishe stamped his foot.

"I am fortunate. I am already an old man," he declared. "But I pity you young men. I pity you. There may be—God have mercy—another Deluge. . . ."

"Who can tell? Perhaps this is the beginning of the End?" my father half-asked, half-answered himself.

"Even wickedness must have a limit."

Suddenly Reb Moishe looked at me.

"Come, you will take me through the gate!"

I went down to the courtyard with Reb Moishe and we approached the gate together. Mirele was about to give a customer change and was searching through the paper money in her stocking. Never again have I seen such a heavy leg. The higher up, the heavier. Unbelievably fat and thick. . . .

Reb Moishe began to pound with his stick and grabbed my shoulder. Mirele stuck out her tongue.

"Here he is, banging away again, the Freemason! Such an old billy goat . . . as though I were likely to sin with him!"

"Nu-nu-nu, you hussy!"

Mirele moved aside. Reb Moishe passed by. He leaned heavily upon me, and I thought of the sacrificial animals in the Temple upon whom the Priest laid his hands. Once outside, Reb Moishe took out his kerchief and his snuff-box in order to refresh his disturbed spirit.

"And you—are you studying, ha?"

"Yes, I'm studying."

"You will grow up to be a Jew?"

"Of course."

"Be a real Jew. Perhaps in your day the Messiah will come. . . ."

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BENJAMIN DE MOTT

NOTES ON THE AMERICAN PRESS

WHAT KILLED the American press? Prickly irascibility. Whose prickly irascibility? Its own.

Like every catechism this one has its limits: the press isn't dead yet, and in any event irascibility, even in sick institutions, is easier to think of as a symptom than as a disease. Neglecting symptoms, though, is a dangerous business—especially when the rate of eruption soars. And the case is that the rate has soared in the postwar newspaper world. Formerly hale and well met in its public self, the press is currently edgy and neurasthenic. It responds to non-academic critics—A. J. Liebling, Carl Lindstrom, several others—with letters of protest to the magazines that print them (the late Edwin L. James of the New York *Times* complained constantly to the *New Yorker* about the department called "The Wayward Press") or with articles of abuse in trade journals (Lindstrom, whose *The Fading American Newspaper,* 1960, ranks as the best-informed, *moderate* assessment of the press yet put in print, is periodically savaged in *Editor & Publisher* and elsewhere). It answers academic complainants by smearing them as "believers in government control." (This charge was first made against the Hutchins Committee of the 40's, a body composed of eleven well-known university presidents and professors—also a poet and a banker—that advocated an endowed newspaper; now it is hurled even at journalism schools.) And instead of ignoring political carpers who echo Adlai Stevenson's remarks about the "one-party press," publishers now claim shrilly that, really they are just plain middle-of-the-road, and at the same time insist upon blocking any impartial inquiry that might (or might not) validate the claim.*

On the face of it these signs of touchiness are anything but mysterious. Newspapers long ago lost their rating as growth stocks; TV Westerns have displaced the funnies and sports sections as the main mode of evening entertainment for millions; for some years public relations firms have been able to steal a number of the best young men in the graduate schools of journalism. More important, it has been difficult for the press to comfort itself, while contemplating its diminishing power

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*When the Ford Foundation offered to contribute a half million dollars, through Sigma Delta Chi, to the support of a scholarly survey of the election coverage of 1956, *Editor & Publisher* printed an unasked-for poll establishing that only a third of the publishers in America were in favor of the idea. The immediate purpose of the poll was to scare off the Foundation—and this objective was of course achieved. The larger objective, doubtless, was to publicize in appropriate quarters a press decision against cooperating with impartial bodies set up to judge its performance. And although all the effects of the publicity may not have been benign, there is no reason to believe that the decision has been rescinded.

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to entertain, with reminders of its unique capacity to instruct. Developments in the electronic transmission of news have undermined the whole structure of news-gathering, rendering trivial the old values of the "beat," and forcing the press to look upon its competition not merely as competition but often as primary sources of news. It is true that there are others in the modern camp of the beleaguered beside newspaper publishers and editors. But this hardly alters the truth that the press *is* beleaguered, and that a sense of beleaguerment does lead to touchiness about criticism.

And leads to it all the faster—to pursue the point—when the criticism is wrong-headed or unfair. As the remark implies, not very many of the recent attacks on the press have been rooted in good sense. The Hutchins Committee found objectionable that "the agencies of mass communication are big business, and their owners are big businessmen. . . . Like the owners of other big business [the owners of newspapers] are bank directors, bank borrowers, and heavy taxpayers in the upper brackets." The Committee observed elsewhere, however, that the effort to found and promote a big-city paper requires a multi-million dollar investment—which rather suggests that the link between newspaper ownership and wealth is at least as inevitable as it is reprehensible. Again, many commentators are quick to cite the decline in the number of newspapers over the last fifty years, and the increase in the number of one-paper cities. (There are only about 60 American cities that now have competing newspapers; there are almost 1,500 cities in which the local press—and often radio and TV stations as well—is under single ownership.) But these observers rarely move on from the statistics to an acknowledgment that the model of free competition to which they appeal, in condemning publishers for permitting the decline, has little relevance to the facts of modern American economic organization. There are fewer automobile manufacturers now than there were in the pre-mass marketing horse-and-trolley era—which is to say that a movement for centralization occurs even when manufacturers have nobody to compete against except each other. Only ignorance could be surprised that this movement also occurs among manufacturers who, in the same period, have been competing against each other *and* against radio, television, and the movies.

BUT WHILE IGNORANCE is an irritant it is probably not in itself a major cause of the new touchiness in the newspaper world. Publishers, after all, are hardly less prone to simplistic arguments than their critics. (Where does an editorial writer turn, after having been assigned the task of abusing Medicare, except to the old model of free economic competition?) They themselves have been known to keen nostalgically for the excitements of old competitive days. The suggestion that there ought to be more newspapers exacerbates them far less than does the disrespect of commentators for the values of surviving newspapers.

No press critic, to be sure, has yet ventured a direct attack upon the notion of "impartial coverage," to mention but one familiar value of the profession, and there is small chance that any will do so shortly. But the absence of direct attacks is best read here as a sign of tact rather than of agreement. Implicit in all current press criticism that advances beyond cries of "Monopoly" is the conviction that traditional standards of newspaper performance (whether honored in the breach or the observance) today stand as obstacles in the way of serious effort to disseminate the news. The central themes of this criticism are, first, that the press theory of the absolute separability of fact from opinion is unreasonable, and, second, that newspaper obligations include both the description of events *and* the measurement of their significance. The fresh ideal that peeps tentatively forth in the development of these themes is that of the news-

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paper as an instrument which will not simply react passively to experience but seek to act upon it, creating the central issues of the time in comprehensible language, aiming beyond accuracy at *meaning*.

Thus described, the ideal mentioned might appear to have much in common with pieties voiced at meetings of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. But critics who speak in the name of this ideal are unimpressed by the resemblances. They resist attempts to sand down their views to some smooth compromise ("more background features"); the tone in which they speak, that of impatient dissatisfaction, implies that their assumptions are remote from those of the newspaper world as it is presently organized; and they do not hesitate to admit that their aim is to effect an extreme enlargement of newspaper responsibility. The latter point is, in this context, the key one. Mere hints of distaste for current journalistic idols and shibboleths might not in themselves have been powerful irritants to the press, even in a time of declining revenues. But the tendency of critics to couple these hints with brisk talk about enlarging responsibilities was bound to rouse the press to anger.

II

THE TERMS in which the argument for an enlargement of press responsibility is set forth vary of course according to the interest of the critic. An inkling of the way in which the argument is brought down to particulars can easily be gained, though, by considering critical commentary on the reporter himself. Almost without exception those who address themselves to this figure exhort him toward a higher assessment of his role and significance. Some take the line that the vital first step in this direction must be a change in the reporter's sense of his relation to men of official power. Two years ago Walter Lippmann, speaking before a National Press Club audience assembled to celebrate his seventieth birthday, lent his support to this position. Rejecting the assumptions of those who say to the Washington correspondent, "Why don't you admit that you are an outsider and that you are, therefore, by definition an ignoramus?"—Lippmann insisted that the reporter's condition of outsidedness was not essentially different from that of officials themselves. ("About most of the affairs of the world," said Lippmann, "we are all of us outsiders and ignoramuses, even the insiders who are at the seat of government.") And, urging a greater measure of reportorial commitment and a more elevated view of reportorial labors, he went on to assert that it is only through the reporter himself that the public can arrive at "opinions about what their governors want them to consent to."

Other observers, while sharing the view that the reporter must believe in himself as a significant force, doubt that high-minded declarations of his importance will bring him to that belief. What is needed, according to these writers, is a fundamental change in the focus of education for journalism, and, in addition, a change in the work pattern even of relatively young reporters. A notable supporter of this position is Louis Lyons, curator of the Nieman Fellowships at Harvard. Lyons recently lectured the AP Managing Editors Association on the foolishness of handling reporters "like firemen"—as characters to be sent out "on call." His aim in doing so was to establish that the primary journalistic task (described as that of "making meaning of events") can only be done by men free to involve themselves in a particular field of coverage to a point at which they can understand why others must care what happens in that field. And a similar sense that the reporter needs an appreciation of the relatedness and consequences of events is reflected in current curriculum reforms of graduate schools of journalism. When

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individual professors of journalism abuse the "sterile conception of the journalism school as being chiefly a breaking-in-place for reporters in an industry-dominated [environment]," they serve notice that they themselves already are seeking to introduce apprentice newspapermen to higher possibilities of the profession than any visible in newspapers as they are.* And when the Columbia School of Journalism declares on the masthead of a new press review that "journalism of all types is not yet a match for the complications of the age," it is announcing—before its students, as well as before a larger constituency—that reporters are under a special obligation to become adequate to those complications.

As goes without saying, this obligation does not supersede all others. Newspaper critics still value energy; their purpose is not to deny a place in the new hierarchy of journalistic talent to old heroes like the "aggressive legman." They do mean, however, to displace the latter from his position at the top of the hierarchy. For in their view, a hierarchy of effort that sets energy above mind is a serious obstacle to the desiderated enlargement of press responsibilities and influence.

OTHER OBSTACLES of equal or greater importance exist, of course—among them newspaper *tone* and *structure*. And the past decade has produced first-rate inquiries into both areas which again have had the effect of casting doubt on familiar newspaper values. The casual reader of a Liebling piece about the tone of newspaper declarations of political preference —announcements that the *Daily Sheet*, Republican for a century, has arrived at its decision to support Nixon only after scientific analysis of the latter's public speeches—may conclude that Liebling is simply amusing himself at the sight of billowing fatuity. And, admittedly, this writer's manner, gay-doggish, self-congratulating, cursed with Menckenesque posturings, often does turn the edge of his own knife. But neither here, nor in his "Wayward Press" mockery of big-city coverage of utility strike threats, is Liebling only a gadfly. His best work names with telling force those features of the public self of the press—pomposity, bogus pretenses of disinterest, failure of self-irony—that induce skepticism and contempt. The immediate effect of Liebling's probing of fatty issues is to clarify the truth that in a society of mass literacy or near-literacy openness of manner becomes infinitely important. A faked tone, either in the mode of *de haut en bas* (or the opposite, as with the New York *Daily News*) betrays itself instantly to millions. The probing hurts, of course; no Blimp cares to be shown his own Blimpishness. But its trenchancy derives not from Liebling's pool-hall cynicism, but from his conviction that editorial influence is directly related to the credibility of the journalistic self, and from his awareness that newspapers without influence are hardly better than no newspapers at all.

The latter conviction is shared by commentators whose angle of focus differs greatly from Liebling's. The shrewdest chapter of Carl Lindstrom's admirable *The Fading American Newspaper* takes as its subject the time-sense of the modern daily, and claims this sense is yet another reason for the decay of press influence. Noting that the contemporary newspaper refuses even now to learn that "the newsroom clock is a hallucination," Lindstrom chides editors for their obsession with the new lead ripped from the ticker, and for their disinclination to follow the curve of a story around to the point of discussion and significance. "Like a collector impaling a butterfly," he remarks, "newspapers press the sharp point of time through the body of an event and then, what is the greater pity, too often go away and abandon the victim." In following this argu-

*The quotation is from an article by Charles Higbie, professor of journalism at the University of Wisconsin, in *Nieman Reports* for January 1959.

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ment Lindstrom's reader may frown at the rigor of the author's hostility to the trivially timely. The daily paper did have its origins in the intensity of the human desire to be "abreast" of the times. Bernard Weisberger, whose competent survey of *The American Newspaperman* traces journalism in this country from its beginnings to the present, has some excellent pages on the role of the press in creating (a century ago) the national love of speed. ("Merely to know that he [the American citizen] could hear at once anything that might pass . . . that in a day of progress he could be, as the revealing phrase had it, *up-to-date,* was thrilling.")

But Lindstrom's argument cannot be dismissed as a mandarin gesture against vulgar excitations. Its purpose is to demonstrate that absorption in the question, "What's new?" has markedly reduced the capacity of the newspaper to body forth images of determined attentiveness, patience with complexity, minds at hard labor. Here as elsewhere the critic is no mere compiler of journalistic sins; he is a man who has set himself the task of encouraging the press to accept responsibility for educating a citizenry to the idea of significance. And he knows that there can be little hope that the responsibility will be accepted until the press itself has learned to prize that idea.

III

PUBLISHERS AND WORKING journalists ought, in theory, to differ sharply in their response to criticism of the kind just summarized. The working journalist should welcome such criticism, since it asserts the dignity of his profession; the publisher should reject it, since to act positively on it means more expense and more risk. Oddly, however, the gap between the two parties is narrower here than on most issues of the press world. Indeed, in resisting expansion of press responsibility, or in shrugging at the ideal of the press as a more active and influential public force, the newspaper owner stands as a spokesman for the profession as a whole. To account for this by citing once again the faith of the profession in the possibility of separating fact from opinion seems at first glance fanciful. The faith is, plainly, abstract—a sort of efflorescence from the corpse of an outmoded psychology. Nevertheless, the world of journalism does not take this faith lightly. Once institutionalized and provided with trappings and pomp (the desks of editorial writers are not often even on the same floor as the city room), more than one oddity of belief has risen to the status of myth. And this *is* the present status (for the average working journalist) of the antithesis of fact and opinion.

Moreover, since the choice of a myth is always in some measure the choice of a self, those who complain that the antithesis is false are in the position of contending not simply against an idea but against a temperament. It is probably irrelevant that the character of the journalist is one of the few constants in lowbrow and highbrow art of the modern era (in James and in Hemingway and in Joyce, in Fellini and in Hecht, the journalist is the type of the uncommitted man). But most observers with extensive city room experience do agree that the chief qualities of journalistic temperament are positionlessness, doubt, and a tick of remote, unfocused skepticism. In *The Wayward Pressman* (1948) Liebling has brutal words to say on the character of editors: "They are to be distinguished from the frustrates because they never even wanted to see the world outside. They come to newspapers like monks to cloisters or worms to apples." A telegraph editor of a major Midwestern daily puts the matter differently, complaining about the frequency with which the student of journalism, which traditionally involved no commitment to a single subject, mistakes that lack of commitment for virtue: "Most city rooms swarm with [people] who think, because they studied jour-

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nalism—rather than literature, history, physics, medicine, or the law—that they therefore know more about literature, physics, etc. than those who have dedicated their lives to these subjects." And, in his still-valuable book, *The Washington Correspondents,* Leo Rosten wrote that:

> There is a sense of invulnerability attached to newspaper work. . . . Journalism represents a world within a world. Reporters derive a vicarious pleasure in experiencing the excitement of events as observers, not participants, without personal risk in the outcome of events. . . . Theirs is the same secure feeling that movie audiences find in looking at newsreel pictures of a flood.

The sense of invulnerability Rosten speaks of manifests itself in curious ways. It is perhaps responsible for the uncertainties of tone—chirping allusions to disaster, for instance—that often turn up in the columns of Reston or the dispatches of as good a reporter as Russell Baker of the New York *Times.* Its workings are revealed in the arrogant oddities of some journalistic behavior. (The famous television critic who enters a government hearing and hurls his papers noisily down on the press table while interrogation is in process is obviously claiming superiority to all proceedings; and the same can be said of the corps of correspondents in the Capitol wildly pounding an office door to summon presidential candidates to their questioning. But in behaving in this fashion the reporter also expresses contempt for his labor: an intuition, as it were, that the effort of *attending* is beneath him.) What is more, the feeling of invulnerability can be understood as one cause of the newsman's frequent failure to get his story. As often as not, these failures are consequences of the reporter's belief that he knows "the story" even before he leaves to find it. (Scores of reporters attended the opening of Peace Corps training at Rutgers last summer. Most of them were engaged in interviewing the bewildered candidates, setting up photos of the tallest and fattest volunteers, taking notes on Sargent Shriver's rehearsal of news-release commonplaces. Not a single reporter for a daily undertook to inquire into the attitudes of the teachers, sponsors, and group leaders of the program. The reporters knew that young men would be trained to dig latrines abroad—the government release had told them this—and they insisted on the point in their accounts. As a result they missed the only story worth telling at any length about the occasion, the story of the adaptation of a particular set of utopian ideas—some from Gandhi, some perhaps from Paul Goodman, none from official Peace Corps documents—as the cornerstone of an entire training program.)

TO CLAIM THAT the relations between journalistic character and the myth of neutral fact can be described in a simple phrase or two about invulnerability would be foolish: the forces that shape the reporter's mind are various. It is clear, though, that little in the myth encourages the young journalist to accept the goal of influence that his publisher rejects, and much in it encourages a view of life as that which is to be withdrawn from, watched, and noted but not altered. Such a view nourishes the belief that, while events can be described as isolated combinations of neutral facts, crises can only be understood as the issue of huge concatenations of causes that lie beyond anyone's power to define, much less to manage. The latter division of experience into the manageable and the unmanageable leads naturally toward a suspicion of the infathomability of the course of great affairs, and inspires scorn for men who claim to direct or to accept personal responsibility for the movement of history. A measure of this scorn turns inward, as already indicated, for the reporter is forced by the conventions of his craft and society to trail about after the great (whom he suspects are powerless), taking notes on their doings, half-pretending that they are men of

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influence. But the main force of it is directed at experience itself. Under such pressure the course of events ceases to figure in the reporter's mind as pliant stuff, matter to be engaged with and molded; he himself comes to rest in a position of accountant-like neutrality. And—more important for the present point—his responsiveness to exhortations about the potentialities of the press diminishes to the level of that of the ordinary newspaper owner.

IV

WHEN ALL IS SAID, though, it remains a mistake to hold that the present disposition of the press can be fully understood by isolating it as an object for special scrutiny. The truth is that the world of journalism is at bottom only an image in little of the consciousness of the American liberally educated classes. The self-satisfied invulnerable who turns irascible when told that he must "do something" about the quality of the national life and intelligence is not merely the typical pressman, victimized by a trade myth: he may also be thought of as the representative educated American.

The identity isn't absolute, of course. The journalist's connection with affluence is not very strong; his world is scarcely a place of expanding opportunities. Still, neither of these circumstances induces in him a strong feeling of precariousness, a keener intuition of the possibility of personal disaster than is the rule "outside." The reporter or editor understands that if the paper goes under he will quickly find a public relations job; he too has assurances that there is always an alternative, that something more lucrative always turns up. And these assurances support a sense of invulnerability that is not a unique by-product of the forms of his profession, but is rather a sign that his assumptions aren't very different from those of the standard middle-class sensibility of the age. If the pressman, relatively undisturbed amid a chaos of new leads, ads, and unfollowed-through stories, deserves to be thought of as an agent intensifying public distraction, he also must be understood as a man whose comfort in such circumstances is a symptom of popular inability to attend. If his disinclination to change a tone and a structure appropriate only to the reactive life betrays a private doubt concerning the possibilities of action, it also symbolizes a national boredom and impatience with voices of activist reform.

Although the lesson about the permanence of complacency to be drawn here is already overfamiliar to activists, one or two local ironies or paradoxes appear in connection with it that are of more than passing interest. It is not extravagant to say, for example, that the fundamental reason why the American press is "fading" is that it would not accept the obligation to educate, that it insisted upon teaching millions that simple opinions are adequate opinions—and thereby encouraged belief that whatever catchword a citizen can invent for himself (without a newspaper) will enable him to interpret complicated events. The paradox points the resemblance between the irascibility of the press and that of any ignorant man in any ignorant bar quarrel about slogans. Doubtless this unity of irascibles, educated and uneducated, is still an occasion for obscure pride among many shirt-sleeved city room democrats. But as long as it survives, the voice of all activist critics is bound to go unheard. And if it is not countered by the beginnings of a passion toward understanding, more than newspaper empires will die.

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ALEX WEINGROD

THE TWO ISRAELS

RIOTING SUDDENLY broke out in Haifa's Wadi Salib quarter three summers ago when its inhabitants—many of them Moroccan immigrants—raced through Haifa's business section and smashed the windows of European shopkeepers. The immediate cause of the riots (a policeman shooting a tipsy Moroccan stevedore in a scuffle) was quickly forgotten in the violent communal outburst, for it was apparent that the incident had brought out into the open the resentment and hostility which had long been smoldering among many non-European immigrants. As the disorder and rumors spread, the first reaction of shock grew into an uneasy awareness that these minorities might have good cause for protesting that Israeli society was rigged against them.

The idea of "Two Israels" took root during those tense days. Like other phrases of popular sociology it neatly sums up some complex social realities: in this case, the division of Israeli society into two cultural camps. One Israel stands for the early generations of European immigrants—the Israel of pioneering visions and their aftermath, the veteran kibbutzim, fashionable north Tel Aviv, and Jerusalem's elite Rechavia. This Israel, European if not European-American in culture, dreams the dream of the Good Society of Plenty. The other Israel is the more recent, and its origins are in Moslem lands; it is the Israel of Yemenite villages and Moroccan development-area towns, Tel Aviv slums, and the old Kurdish quarter of Jerusalem. Its dreams are of steady jobs, social acceptance, and a better life for the young. Within each of the "Two Israels" there is of course any number of sub-groupings; but the popular splitting of the society into two major parts reflects something both real and important.

While it is a commonplace to characterize Israeli society as a mélange of peoples—how could it have been anything else?—Israelis nevertheless tend to view cultural differences as a threat. The sight of two women in a bus, one sporting a chic, Paris-inspired costume, and the other calmly nursing her infant, is not at all considered an interesting or exotic contrast but rather a failure of cultural conversion. Working such a conversion on the non-Westerners has been a social policy about which Israel is passionate, and the signs of "Oriental" cultural intransigence are therefore disturbing. Moreover, as was demonstrated during the riots, these differences can create tension and end in violence.

There was a time when most Israelis had a common vision of the Good Society, or at least when a single vision held dominance over the main spiritual centers of the new land. For the old

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Russian and Polish immigrants the ideology of pioneering was a primary commitment: national dedication, socialization, farming and rural living, asceticism. This ideology of the collective and cooperative agricultural settlements and the worker-controlled industrial economy was founded on a rationalistic and optimistic belief in man's creative powers. There were some—Tel Aviv shopkeepers, for instance—who remained outside the terms of the pioneer ideal, but it was what gave to the Jewish community its particular spirit.

"Pioneering" is still the country's major ideology; there are new and different aspirations, but no other articulated system of values. Schoolchildren are told tales of the early days of greatness, and youth movements continue to recruit the young for a pioneering future. Political power remains in the hands of the founding generation, who never cease paying homage to the ideals which once gripped them. For all their crises, the kibbutzim still constitute one of the country's most powerful groups; in the last Cabinet four of the fourteen ministers were members of kibbutzim, which comprise only 5 per cent of the total population; and other kibbutz members hold key positions throughout the reigning bureaucracies.

YET THE SPIRIT of this Israel is waning, despite its paramount political strength. Being culturally part of the West, the "first" Israel has come under the sway of the general political conservatism and anti-ideology so prevalent in Europe and America during the past decade. And, of course, there is the age-old price of success, which has finally overtaken the maturing institutions of social experimentation. The relative affluence of the kibbutzim and moshavim have turned them into places where it has become harder and harder to sustain the image of sacrifice and asceticism. Perhaps even more important is the fact that principles have had to be sacrificed to the urgent demands of the young state. "What makes a difference nowadays," speakers complained at a recent kibbutz convention, "is not the needs of the nation but whether a project is profitable!"

But if nothing has yet replaced the old ideology, there is a "new" ethic taking hold in the country. New, that is, for Israel. Americans will recognize it as the traditional middle-class dream. What people desire now and are apt to speak about on cool evenings—and eventually obtain—are an automobile, a telephone, a villa, a trip abroad. New York and Paris fashions dictate the styles in Dizengoff Street. The cultural elite punctuate their Hebrew with English, study French, and exchange tales of their latest trip to Spain or Ghana. If the pioneering ideology is represented by the rural settlements and the older generations of the labor movement, this non-ideology of plenty stems from the cities, and operates among the young, the middle sections of the reigning bureaucracies, and the new "industrialists." Cultural fashions have undergone rapid change. For one generation, not having finished high school was a symbol of high status (signifying participation in the underground armies); position now depends on academic degrees and advanced training, and the competition for perquisites is intense. Not long ago being a member of a kibbutz was prestigious; soon after, the thing to be was an "ex-kibbutznik"—"ex's" are now legion, and being one of their number no longer opens any doors. The youth these days tend to be aroused not so much by systems of ideas as by the whole notion of practical ingenuity. They yearn after efficiency, size, and breadth. This yearning is best demonstrated in the army, the most impressive of Israeli bureaucracies, and the one that has succeeded in skimming off for itself much of the cream of the youth. What is left of the traditional hostility to the bourgeois ethos is coming more and more to be expressed in the notion that the state,

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rather than individuals, has the duty to pioneer. What forms, most specifically what political programs, such a notion will get translated into remains to be seen.

One thing is clear about the Israel which originated with the East European "founding fathers" and received much of its spirit—as Isaiah Berlin has argued—from revolutionary Russia: in its temper and style of life today it has much more in common with London and Paris than with Amman or even Cairo.

THE "SECOND" ISRAEL of non-Western Jews not only diverges from the heretofore dominant culture but embraces in itself a diversity of cultures. There are differences of civilization between Yemenites and Moroccans, Tripolitanians and Kurds. Each group has a distinctive physical appearance (inevitably like their former hosts), speaks a different language or dialect, has its own special traditions, acts and thinks differently. For example, the Yemenite immigration brought an entire community overnight from a pre-industrial to an industrial civilization: in more than one sense they came, as they liked to say, "upon eagles' wings." The same may be said for most of the Kurds and other rural groups. Immigration to Israel for them meant being transported from one way of life to another, with no time or experience in between. Among the Iraqis, Tunisians, and Algerians, as well as the Egyptians, on the other hand, many had been ultra-urbanites—slum children. Thus, though living only on the fringes of Western life, they were still profoundly influenced by it. For them immigration meant going into a recognizable way of life: the question was whether Tel Aviv was a pleasant surprise or—after Baghdad or Tunis—an ugly disappointment.

The Moroccans underwent yet another experience. In Morocco, the shift from a traditional society had been recent: French Casablanca is only two generations old, and Jews had had little time to become urbanized. Moroccan Jewry was moving toward Westernization at the time of its immigration to Israel. (As one observer has put it, "In Morocco, Jews saw three groups—Frenchmen, Jews, and Moslems, in that order. They imagined that in Israel they would become the French; but, you see, they are the Moslems!") The much-discussed tension in the Moroccan community is undoubtedly related to an incompleted cultural revolution. The Yemenites, of course, are forced to deal with altogether new problems—juvenile delinquency, for example.

These natural differences aside, all members of the "Second" Israel have their most significant problems in common: a job, a place to live, schooling for the children. The vast majority of these immigrants arrived without modern technical skills: in San'a, Fes, or Cochin they were artisans, peddlers, and low-grade clerks. In industrialized Israel they have had at first to take on unskilled, physical labor. Former Iraqi merchants work at road-building, a teacher from Tunis milks cows, and so on. For Jews accustomed to the idea that Moslems did this kind of labor, it has meant torture, to both pride and body. As the Israeli economy has developed, some of the immigrants have become skilled, fast workers at complex factory and farm jobs. Those who acquire a skill, and with it a permanent job, make up a new elite: a steady job is a mark of high status.

The majority who remain unskilled, however, must continue to depend upon the labor exchanges, and undergo all the accompanying strains and uncertainties. Although Israel is currently suffering from a shortage of skilled labor, the unskilled are underemployed. In many families income increases when wives are employed as domestics, or youngsters find odd jobs; salaries are small, but at least there are several of them.

A second problem is housing. The tent camps of 1949–50 have been entirely cleared away, and their successors, the

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"transit camps," are now being reduced in number. New housing projects have risen, of two- and three-story apartment buildings, each containing a dozen or more families. These new buildings are certainly preferable to temporary quarters. Yet the projects are often so shoddy and unimaginative that they have made the landscape drab or downright ugly. The housing raises some new problems too: the former camp-dweller must pay taxes as a home-owner; if his salary has not changed with his flat, he is hard-pressed to make payments.

Yet with a job and an apartment a man may feel fortunate; the expectations of most immigrants are not so extravagant. Savings, when accumulated, are predictably spent on certain favored items of consumers' goods. The first purchase is usually a radio: with it one becomes privy to events, and listens to music in a familiar tempo and language. Next comes a gas plate, followed by refrigerator and washing machine. The demand for these goods is high; buying on credit has become part of the Israeli way of life.

Among the older generation of non-Westerners the change brought about by their moving to a strange country and having to adapt to an alien culture is often shattering: their own customs are no longer viable, and the new ones virtually incomprehensible. Their traditional leaders have been pushed aside in favor of new spokesmen. Relations between the generations—as seems inevitable in every large-scale immigration—are often tense. Drawn to the new life, the young challenge the traditional values; the tendency to secularism among the Israeli-educated arouses particular anxiety among non-Western immigrant parents. But despite their efforts to "assimilate," the "Oriental" youth are not always accepted by their European peers: "marginal men" are to be seen in Tel Aviv or Haifa just as they were in New York and Chicago a generation or two ago.

Then, too, relations between husband and wife have been altered. It is difficult for a husband to remain a "patriarch" when his wife is the main bread-winner, or if his children have found new sources of authority. For their part the older generation attempt to protect the young from the more obvious dangers of the new life: many girls, for example, are kept out of the army by parents who fear having their daughters in potentially compromising situations.

And yet, notwithstanding all these tensions, the immigrant groups are highly organized. There are Yemenite synagogues, Kurdish villages, North African associations. Each ethnic community is a separate social universe, criss-crossed by the old ties of family, marriage, and location. The family, under pressure, retains its centrality in affairs; kin are a special category of persons, for whom assistance and warmth are reserved. These ties sometimes take on new Israeli aspects: families, for instance, may be allied with political parties, and often become partisans in ill-understood struggles.

Apart from the newcomers, there are other groups whose ancestry is non-European, but who have lived in Israel for many generations: the "Sephardim," of Middle Eastern origin, are a cultural element of long standing. The Sephardim as a group have maintained a special separateness: while never adopting the pioneer ethic, neither have they joined forces with their new immigrant cousins.

THE FACT IS, then, that as between the two Israels, the positions of leadership are filled by the Western elements —Israelis from Russia, or Germany, or Czechoslovakia. They are the bureaucratic managers, the army officers, the business executives. The Kurds, Moroccans, and Yemenites get to be laborers, non-coms, or clerks. Such is the indubitable, if unequal, distribution of power. There are always, of course, exceptions, but they are rare.

At least for the time being, such strat-

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ification is probably inevitable. The non-Europeans arrived after the pecking order had been defined—and arrived, moreover, possessing none of the tools for attaining power. Awareness of this by no means obviates the resentment of the newcomer. "Why aren't our people in important positions?" asks the Iraqi or the Moroccan. For himself he has the answer: it is simple discrimination. And the justification usually offered by the Europeans—"We've tried, but you know they're really not qualified"—never manages to be quite convincing. After Wadi Salib, a program was instituted aimed at placing non-Europeans in more influential positions. As might have been anticipated, however, little was done.

One of the ironies connected with the power arrangement of Israeli society is that the immigrants have become the chief instruments for the fulfillment of national aims. Pioneering, as we have said, was a first principle of the European spirit in Israel; and the famous "crisis in pioneering" meant that the day had come when the veteran population was unwilling to go out and break the soil of new wildernesses. It is therefore the new immigrants who take up the conquest of the desert—under the direction of the authorities who have set them down in new towns and villages (often directly from the ship or plane) and arranged things in such a way that many remain there. So the children of Fes and Tunis act out their new society's classic value: reluctant pioneers, they are pioneers nonetheless. This situation has also meant that the massive financial assistance Israel receives has brought a tremendous rise in living standards among the European group: the immigrants have benefited greatly, but the gravy flows to the veteran population.

Class stratification, even in a tiny country, creates natural social borders that are seldom crossed. Merchants live in their society, peddlers in theirs: each group dwells in its separate neighborhood, has its own life-style and aspirations. Since merchants tend to be Europeans, and peddlers non-Europeans, the social relations between the two groups are restricted. Ties that do exist are usually of a formal kind, a situation that does not permit much insight to be exercised by one group on the other. European foremen and executives fail to understand why their workers behave as they do. Shopkeepers discourse on the strange mentality of their non-European customers. Clerks in the bureaucracies lose patience with non-European clients, who often shout and complain. What the clerk does not see is that the newcomers are at a loss to understand the strange ways of bureaucrats. Both take away distorted images: the clerk thinks his clients barbarians—while they leave his office muttering about the heartlessness of officials. On the other hand, sometimes even such minimal contact can be beneficial. For example, the experience of immigrant maids in Western homes can become an important mode of acculturation, while their employers in turn may become cultural experts: "My maid is Moroccan and she believes that . . ."

ONE OF THE consequences of this situation is that Israel abounds in such myths as: Yemenites are industrious, Moroccans dangerous, Rumanians sharp, Kurds dumb, sabras sassy. Stereotypes of this kind serve as filters for social relations; one reacts to a type rather than to people. In Israel, guessing a person's cultural identity—by listening to his accent or appraising his physique—has become a popular sport. The game has obvious implications: each group is socially graded, and belonging to one or the other makes a difference.

Generally, the non-Europeans are full of wonder at the Europeans: they do not quite comprehend the strange *"vus-vus"* holders of the magic keys. The feelings of the non-Europeans are a mixture of resentment and admiration. Resentment

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springs from the sense of "having been had" and the certainty of having been discriminated against. ("Everyone knows that if there is a choice between an Ashkenazi and one of us, *they* get picked!") But the immigrants also feel admiration—for the efficiency of Western life, its products, and the vast culture these imply. ("Tell me, now, how do you manage to have just two children?") Hatred, it must be made clear, is not part of this point of view; there is frustration and anger, but no racism. Israel is not South Africa.

On their side, the Europeans' view of the immigrants is somewhat more complicated. For them the Iraqis and Yemenites came as a shock: they were psychologically unprepared for confronting the exoticism of so many of their fellow Jews. While the shock has worn off, the reconciliation is often uneasy. "Would you want your daughter to marry a Yemenite?" may sound like a joke, but it has more than once been heard to be said in dead earnest. There are mutterings, in high places as well as low, that the invasion of "dark peoples" bodes ill for the Jewish state.

Most of the Europeans, however, expect the immigrants to become Westernized, "like ourselves," and are generally optimistic about the results that the course of time will bring. The national slogan of the "intermixing of ethnic groups" was not concerned actually with mixing, but rather with the desire that non-Westerners should become Western. The achieving of this goal became a national crusade. Schoolchildren from Tripoli were made to listen to Eastern European liturgical chants; Moroccan mothers were encouraged to give their infants sabra names (Eitan instead of Isaac). Immigrants from different countries were settled in the same village, in the hope that by tossing them together they would be made to lose their old traits and adapt new ones. (Many of these villages became so tense that they exploded.) Communications media such as the radio were conspicuously Western. The schools, the army, and other national institutions were in the forefront of the conversion program; Western ideas and ideals were zealously propagated.

These direct pressures have now relaxed. The idea that change will not take place overnight, but is a process working over generations, has begun to settle in the public and private mind. Cultural pluralism is not yet a national slogan, but there is increasing recognition that ethnic groups are likely to retain their individuality. And indirect measures for "Israelization" have become more popular: for example, the city of Tel Aviv recently honored its citizens whose marriages are ethnically mixed ("mixed marriages" amount to about 14 per cent of all marriages).

Adult immigrants from the non-Western countries have popularly been labeled a "desert generation." What this bit of local conceit implies is that since they were reared in a foreign atmosphere little can be expected of them. The true hope lies with the second generation, the children born or educated in Israel; they will be sabras. In some respects this hope has materialized. The sons are certainly different from the fathers: the young speak Hebrew with ease and feel themselves to be very much a part of the country. Some have also successfully become Western, particularly those who underwent lengthy indoctrination away from home and family in the special youth groups or in the army. But not all members of the second generation have made this transition. Most of them still remain tied to the customs and feelings of their parents. Moreover, secondary institutions such as the schools have had limited success in training the immigrants. Since the school curriculum is Western-oriented, and since their families are poor, a large proportion of the immigrant youth either fail to learn or simply drop out of

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school. Although special programs have been arranged for them, the overwhelming majority do not receive higher education. Recent figures show that while non-Western children make up more than 60 per cent of those entering grade school, they comprise less than 5 per cent of those attending college.

The cleavages are thus repeating themselves in the second generation. Not all of the young are sabras. Sabra is in fact a term reserved for the children of Europeans, and for those who show sufficient signs of acculturation. Sabras command the army, study archaeology in Jerusalem, and go on scholarships to MIT and the Sorbonne. The others—and they are the majority—are known as *yaldei ha'aretz,* children of the country.* Their destiny is bound to a more middling station; they will be the mechanics, clerks, and workers of the future.

While the social distinctions are sharp, a common culture does seem to be emerging. Arab dialects and Yiddish are heard on the streets, but Hebrew is unquestionably the national tongue. School programs in Tel Aviv and Kiryat Gat, a predominantly North African new town, are strikingly similar: white-shirted, blue-trousered boys and girls perform spirited dances based on themes from the Bible, a group plays wailing Eastern tunes on recorders, and a choral work celebrating national heroism is recited in unison. The army is of course a powerful leveler. The "gang," a key focus of Israeli culture, may include children from different ethnic backgrounds. Ben Gurion likes to say that "the Bible keeps us together," and in fact the Bible has become the basis of a secular cult: Bible contests, in which the contestants are asked intricate questions, have now become a national pastime.

Is Israel becoming one, or will it remain two? There seems little doubt that the dominant culture is and will remain Western. The immigrants, slowly but surely, are moving in the direction of change toward Western habits of thought and behavior. The "First" Israel is thus advancing at the expense of the "Second." There is, however, no reason to assume that the non-Western groups will lose their identity. The best examples of cultural persistence are the old Yemenite and Kurdish communities. In the course of two generations they have not assumed a strictly Western identity but have retained a large degree of distinctiveness. Israeli society seems fated to be Western but with persisting large pockets of non-Western tradition and expression, and with ethnic identity remaining an important social fact.

The question of the quality of that society is a more complex issue. Despite a great deal of what has been said, there is little psychological and social evidence of "Levantinism" chargeable to the immigrants from Middle Eastern countries: the absorption of these immigrants into the structure has been far greater than any impact they have had on it. Whatever failings are apparent in Israeli society are chiefly the failings of the Europeans who founded it. If embezzlement and thievery are rife, or human relations petty and nasty, it is not because of the new ascendance of Levantinism, but the result of a moral crisis within the Western community. The promise of the Jewish state has been the dream of a different, better society. Israelis are sensitive to the dream: they have an almost manic desire for finding their local creations to be of "international significance." Sensitive as they are, however, they have so far shown little interest in exploring imaginative ways of resolving the problem of the duality of their society.

* It is worth noting that while the average age of the Western family is forty-four, that of the non-European family is twenty-six. Within fifteen years, non-Europeans—who now make up about half the population—are likely to constitute a majority of about 70 per cent.

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The 20th Century in its Philosophy

WILLIAM BARRETT

THE EARLIEST NEWSREELS that I have seen date from the beginning of this century. There are scenes of the European capitals: people walking about the streets of Paris in old-fashioned clothes and with the jerky rhythms of ancient photography. It is a very odd feeling whenever one looks at these fragments of life before 1914; the people in these films, though only half a century away in time, seem further away from us than ancient Greece or Rome. Of course, pictures from a family album, with their old-fashioned clothes and faded faces, always have a funny and unreal archaic quality. But it is not merely to the external trappings that one responds—the long skirts and beards, horses and carriages, all made slightly ridiculous by the jerky camera; what touches one most is that the people in these bits of film inhabited a world very different from our own, and that they moved in a tragic ignorance of what was to happen to their world within this century. Could this tranquil, summery bourgeois world of pre-1914 guess that it would be followed by two global wars, revolution, crisis, totalitarian dictators, death camps, and the final overpowering specter of nuclear warfare? The 20th century, however one is finally to understand it, must be reckoned as an age in which mankind has been very drastically severed from its past and has entered upon something new in history.

WILLIAM BARRETT, professor of philosophy at New York University, is the author of *Irrational Man*. An expanded version of the present essay will appear as an introduction to a forthcoming Random House anthology of modern philosophical texts edited by Mr. Barrett and Henry David Aiken, another COMMENTARY contributor.

I do not bring up the political and social realities lying outside of philosophy proper in order to suggest that the philosopher must either be a mind alert to the turn of current events or that his philosophy should take any cue from these. Rather, these social crises of the century point to a whole world that has shifted and changed. We live within a human climate that is different from the opening of the century, and the philosophical climate of opinion is but a fragment of this larger climate. The world in which F. H. Bradley philosophized at the turn of the century is a world that will not come again. And the idealistic system of Bradley reflects this: a world of plenary Being in which no fact is left unredeemed and where the Absolute Reality remains blessedly secure beyond the ravages of time and change and history. Philosophers have not been able to dwell in this beautiful crystal palace in the ensuing years of the century. Bertrand Russell, on his last visit to this country, remarked privately to a group of younger men that they could not imagine what it was like to grow up in Europe before the First World War with a sense of security that the world has now lost.

The career of Bertrand Russell, in fact, can be taken as a pretty fair sample of the impact of this century upon the philosophic mind. Russell, born in 1872, had had a long stretch of life with many achievements behind him before 1914. He himself has recounted the impact of the war upon his thought in a short piece of autobiography entitled "The Retreat from Pythagoras"—a retreat from his earlier attitude of a mystical and quasi-religious exaltation of the timeless world of mathematics. Says Russel, describing his earlier attitude: "I dis-

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liked the real world and sought refuge in a timeless world, without change or decay or the will-o'-the-wisp of progress."

But then he goes on to indicate the change brought by the First World War:

> One effect of that War was to make it impossible for me to go on living in a world of abstraction. I used to watch young men embarking in troop trains to be slaughtered on the Somme because generals were stupid. I felt an aching compassion for these young men, and found myself united to the actual world in a strange marriage of pain. All the high-flown thoughts that I had had about the abstract world of ideas seemed to me thin and rather trivial in view of the vast suffering that surrounded me. The non-human world remained as an occasional refuge, but not as a country in which to build one's permanent habitation.

And he concludes as to the proper attitude of the philosopher:

> I think it is the duty of the philosopher to make himself as undistorting a mirror as he can. But it is also his duty to recognize such distortions as are inevitable from our very nature. Of these, the most fundamental is that we view the world from the point of view of the *here* and *now*, not with that large impartiality which theists attribute to the Deity.

Here, I believe, is Bertrand Russell in as existential a key as he ever sounded.

THESE WORDS OF Russell bring to mind the cry of another philosopher, a man younger by several generations than Russell, the French existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre. If Sartre's tone is more impassioned, he has been after all deeper in the soup of this century without ever knowing the security of a Victorian and Edwardian youth. Here he is writing in 1947 about the experience of the French Resistance under the brutal occupying armies of Hitler, who in the progress of this violent century had left the gentlemanly armies of the Kaiser far behind:

> We have been taught to take Evil seriously. It is neither our fault nor our merit if we lived in a time when torture was a daily fact. Chateaubriand, Oradour, the Rue des Saussaies, Dachau, and Auschwitz have all demonstrated to us that Evil is not an appearance, that knowing its cause does not dispel it, that it is not opposed to Good as a confused idea is to a clear one, that it is not the effect of passions which might be cured, of a fear which might be overcome, of a passing aberration which might be excused, of an ignorance which might be enlightened, that it can in no way be diverted, brought back, reduced, and incorporated into idealistic humanism like that shade of which Leibniz has written that it is necessary for the glare of daylight. . . .
>
> Perhaps a day will come when a happy age, looking back at the past, will see in this suffering and shame one of the paths which led to peace. But we are not on the side of history already made. We were, as I have said, *situated* in such a way that every lived minute seemed to us something irreducible. Therefore, in spite of ourselves, we come to this conclusion, which will seem shocking to lofty souls: Evil cannot be redeemed.

This is indeed shocking to idealism, which had held that the whole of reality is necessarily good and that all evils are merely partial appearances that are redeemed when seen in the context of the whole. Now the point of Sartre's rejection of idealism is as significant as the rejection itself; Sartre does not claim to have found any new proof, argumentation, or dialectic to refute idealism, and indeed all these would be secondary; the point is that for a Frenchman who has lived through Hitler and the Resistance idealism simply sticks in the gorge, it will not go down, it violates too strongly one's sense of fact. This sense of fact—of fact that cannot be rationalized away—the stubborn feeling for what Nietzsche called the rough and uneven contours of reality—this we may take as our first clue to the mind of the 20th century.

Of course, it did not require wars and concentration camps to make some philosophers feel that their sheer sense of fact was violated by the beautiful structure of idealism. William James, "that adorable genius," as Whitehead has called him, with his fine flair for the human fact had already expressed the Sartrian revolt against idealism in 1907 in his *Pragmatism*. James quotes with approval the words of a contemporary writer about the case reported in the newspapers of a Cleveland workingman, sick and

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unemployed, who kills his children and himself: " 'The Absolute is the richer for every discord and for all the diversity which it embraces,' says F. H. Bradley (*Appearance and Reality,* 204). He means that these slain men make the universe richer, and that is philosophy."

And James himself goes on to express the spirit of pragmatism as it is opposed to idealism:

> A pragmatist turns his back resolutely and once for all upon a lot of inveterate habits dear to professional philosophers. He turns away from abstraction and insufficiency, from verbal solutions, from bad *a priori* reasons, from fixed principles, closed systems, and pretended absolutes and origins. He turns towards concreteness and adequacy, towards facts, towards action and towards power. That means the empiricist temper regnant and the rationalist temper sincerely given up. It means the open air and possibilities of nature, as against dogma, artificiality, and the pretense of finality in truth.

Here is the fresh and genial voice of America, which knew the rough resistance of fact in the ring of the axe blade against a stubborn wilderness.

THE PHILOSOPHY of the 20th century, then, takes shape as a revolt against idealism. What basic change in philosophic attitude or principle lies behind this revolt? For an answer let us see how this revolt is expressed in those modes of thought that are dominant in contemporary philosophy —Marxism, positivism, British analytic philosophy, pragmatism, existentialism.

For Marxism the sin of idealism is that it subverts the real order of things, making matter dependent upon mind, whereas the truth is that mind reflects the material conditions of society. Lenin also attacks it as "clericalism" since it is a vision, like religion, that would redeem the world to the eye of the mind and reconcile us to the evil in existence.

For positivism it is simply the case that idealism, as a metaphysics, makes "meaningless" statements. The standard of "meaning" here is experimental science, the exemplary model of which would be physics. Note that positivism does not single out idealism as any more vicious than other forms of metaphysics; if positivists have in fact attacked idealism more than other forms of metaphysics it is only because the idealists have been in modern times the most sweeping and swashbuckling of metaphysicians.

For British analytic philosophy, particularly in the person of G. E. Moore, idealism is rejected on the basis of realism and common sense. From the point of view of common sense and the dialectic of ordinary language there seem to be no convincing reasons why material objects, teacups and saucers, should be considered to be ultimately mental in nature. We have spoken of a stubborn sense of fact being at the root of the revolt against idealism, and it might seem to be like yoking together a wild mustang with an English cantering horse to compare on this matter the slapdash genius of William James with the elegant and tidy mind of G. E. Moore; but the sense of fact may express itself in many keys, quiet as well as stormy, and surely the stubborn clinging to banal facts is part of Moore's genius as a philosopher. It is this stubborn sense of fact that dictates his idea of philosophy as piecemeal analysis rather than the sweeping synthesis of idealism.

For pragmatism, as we have already seen from the quotation from William James, the objection to idealism is that it sweeps the dirt under the carpet and builds a picture of the world in which finite evil disappears but in which also the possibilities of chance, novelty, openness toward the future are equally stifled. Idealism seeks for a finality in truth that is impossible for man so long as he is a creature of time and is open toward the future. James, in particular, excoriated in idealism a thing he called Rationalism (with a big R)—a point that we shall examine in a moment.

And existentialism?

Much of the existentialist rejection of idealism—that idealism is not conscious enough of the rough jagged edge of fact, that it does not grasp the realities of time, history, and human anxiety—had already been expressed by James, so much so that some tidy pigeonholers have wondered, in view of other variants of pragmatism at odds with James's, whether James might not be more accurately classified as an existentialist rather than as a pragmatist. But there is a further point to the existentialist revolt that

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does not only sound the note of human protest against a closed and total system but also has to do, oddly enough, with the strictly metaphysical question of existence itself.

The fact is that with all the notoriety about existentialism, attention has been diverted too much to its more dramatic and sensational aspects—its discussions of anxiety, death, care, guilt, and the rest—with the result that the strictly philosophical point that this philosophy has had to make has been lost sight of. Unfortunately so, because this point takes us back to the roots of Western philosophy and also permits us a more unified comprehension of the whole history of this philosophy. The existentialist point against idealism is that the latter carries out to an extreme one tradition of Western thought that reduces existence from a primary and irreducible fact to a shadowy and unreal appearance of a "real reality" that does not exist and could not possibly exist.

Let us recall in this connection the famous proposition of the idealist Bradley that "Nothing real could possibly exist"—a proposition that left youthful Russell and Moore, before they had broken away on their own, in a state of heady and Olympian intoxication. Bradley's reason for this amazing statement is this: that what exists is time-bound, partial, finite, unfinished, and *Reason demands* that what is really real be complete, finished, non-temporal and non-finite. One could dismiss this as a mere arrogance of the Hegelian school except that it is a habit of mind woven into the very warp of Western thought and begins at the beginning of Western thought in Plato himself.

For Plato, too, the real does not exist and what exists is not really real. What is real must remain forever unchanging and identical with itself, while what exists in the world of change and time alters from moment to moment and does not remain identical with what it was. The motive that drove Plato to this position was an intellectual requirement that Reason be able to fix the objects of its thought in changeless self-identity against the flux of Heraclitus, so that a certain and necessary deductive science of those objects would become possible. In this passionate Greek effort to create Reason, which had not yet been differentiated in human history, it was natural that priority should be accorded to the objects of Reason, the eternal Ideas, over the flux of existence. Essences—that is, the eternal Ideas—precede existence. The world of the existent in time is a shadowy copy of the eternal. Such is the position toward which classical rationalism, in one form or another, always tends.

Now, the most ambitious expression of classical rationalism in the modern period has been the system of absolute idealism; and the point of the existentialist revolt against idealism is that it is a revolt against such rationalism. When existence has been converted into a mere copy or derivative, at best only half real, of essence, it makes us think of one of those very thin and watered soups from which all the meat and vegetables have been removed. We are not far here from the pragmatism of William James; the difference is that the existentialists have carried their scrutiny further back in the history of philosophy to the root question of existence and essence. Of course, neither pragmatists nor existentialists have been alone in this critique of classical rationalism. In fact, the attack upon this rationalism has come from nearly all quarters, and it can be justly labeled as one of the dominant motifs of 20th-century philosophy. In the century and a half since Kant, perhaps every philosopher, whether implicitly or explicitly, has been involved in the great task of the critique of reason that Kant launched. Edmund Husserl, the founder of modern phenomenology, declared that the task of philosophy in this century was "the reconstitution of reason"—that is, a redefinition and reaffirmation of reason. Husserl's goal has not yet been reached; but the century is not yet over, and it has already amassed an unparalleled amount of fresh materials for the eventual accomplishment of this goal. For the first time it has become possible for philosophy to comprehend itself as the history of reason.

It is but another way of making this last point to say that only in our time has it become possible for philosophers to understand how in its depths the whole history of Western philosophy has been Platonism. "Twenty-five hundred years of Western philosophy are a series of footnotes to Plato,"

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Whitehead remarked; and the remark, once the slight exaggeration of witticism is discounted, is pretty accurate description—more accurate with each fresh interpretation of Platonism. Curiously enough—though it could hardly be otherwise, since understanding sometimes involves opposition—this grasp of Western philosophy as essentially Platonic has coincided with an extraordinary movement of philosophers against Platonism of any kind (a movement which is already part and parcel of the revolt against idealism). This has been the century of the most concerted and systematic anti-Platonism within Western history—from pragmatists, existentialists, and, more recently, even some Wittgensteinians. The notable exception might appear to be Whitehead himself, who seems to give us a new and systematic version of Platonism; yet it is a curious Platonism that declares feeling and the feeling of feelings to be ultimate reality, that sets the Platonic doctrine of Eros above the eternal Ideas, the latter being pure possibles that serve as lures for feeling, so that the universe of Whitehead, full of zest and adventure, shows as much of the influence of William James as of Plato. And though it may be a voice true to Plato himself and to the inconclusive character of so many of the Platonic dialogues, it is scarcely the voice of formal Platonism when Whitehead says in eulogy of James: "His intellectual life was one protest against the dismissal of experience in the interest of system."

But it is easier to proclaim oneself against Plato than to succeed in being thoroughly and consistently anti-Platonist. Aristotle may serve as an ancient example. He would seem to have set the mark of anti-Platonism on Western philosophy at its very beginning when he rejected Plato's Ideas and declared that the really real things are concrete individual substances while universals are abstractions that make possible the knowledge of these individual substances. But how does Aristotle understand the existence of these real individuals? To exist, for Aristotle, is to be an individual instance of a species. There is nothing more in the individual's existence than to be an instance of the species. Hence follows the Aristotelian doctrine of the eternal fixity of the species or forms, and its inability to conceive of any radical evolution in nature. For unless the existence of the individual is to be more than a mere instance of the species, how can that existence be also the source for new and emergent species? Though they are not enshrined in a Platonic heaven, the Aristotelian species take precedence over the individual existent.

A modern example of the incomplete anti-Platonist is Bertrand Russell. We may take him at his middle period when he had purportedly thrown off his earlier Platonism and when he declared that certain technical devices of *Principia Mathematica* (the joint effort of himself and Whitehead) at least made possible the systematic use of Occam's razor to cut away unnecessary entities—Platonic universals among others. Yet the Platonism apparently expelled at the front door returns by the back.

How does Russell understand existence? When we say "men exist," we mean, according to what Russell says in his *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy* (1919), merely that propositions like "Bertrand Russell is a man" are true. Thus the existence of a thing of a certain class would be explicated in terms of the truth of a proposition asserting that the thing belongs to that class. For common sense this is surely putting the cart before the horse. It is because there is an actual fact, the man Bertrand Russell, that the proposition "Bertrand Russell is a man," is true, and not vice versa. Russell has given us once again a version of Platonism: essence—in this case, the proposition function—precedes existence.

Now, Platonism fosters the tendency to give preeminence to the disciplines of logic and mathematics as the ultimate keys to reality. Indeed the attitude of mind that we call Platonism must insist on this preeminence. Thus Russell has been the chief apostle of logic and mathematics among contemporary philosophers. Under his influence, formal logic—mathematical logic—was pushed in the earlier years of this century toward the center of the philosophic stage; for a while it seemed to be the arcane key that would unlock all philosophic secrets. Partly this was due to the immense prestige of *Principia Mathematica,* which Russell has always labeled his most important book; partly it was due to the ignorance of mathematics on the part of most philoso-

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phers, so that for years, as one philosopher put it, they believed what Mr. Russell said because it was he who said it. But this tide has turned. Mathematical logic has not become the *mathesis universalis* of which Leibniz dreamed, an all-encompassing discipline that would provide the structure for interpreting all fields of experience; it has passed into the hands of the mathematicians and become a branch of modern mathematics. Moreover, the extraordinary impetus that Russell gave to the philosophic study of language and symbolism has passed into kinds and uses of language that Russell did not envisage. Instead of confining itself to neat formal calculi, the newer development within British analytic philosophy has turned to the study of ordinary language in all its amorphous variety. The chief architect of this transition was Ludwig Wittgenstein.

"A word," says the later Wittgenstein, "has meaning only within the stream of life." This is an extraordinary statement from the man who began his philosophical career as an apostle of formal language, more demanding and puritanical than Russell himself. The problem with a formal system is to build a bridge from it to experience. In mathematical physics this can be done by means of relatively simple coordinating definitions. But it is not easy when one comes to the more shaggy and uneven regions of experience; here the neat and fixed formal system becomes thin and abstract, inadequate to the concreteness and richness of the matters at issue. Hence, argues Wittgenstein, we have to explore language in use—and not merely in formal scientific use, but in its use in all the diverse fields of human activity in our day-to-day lives. Wittgenstein's earlier monistic conception of language is here replaced by a radical pluralism, to use William James's term.

Bertrand Russell, deploring this development in Wittgenstein, has managed to throw a very clear light on the central issue involved—though perhaps not, as Russell thinks, to his own advantage. Russell compares Wittgenstein to two other great men, Pascal and Tolstoy, who sacrificed their greatest gifts to some alien goal. Pascal sacrificed his mathematical gifts to religion, and Tolstoy his genius as a creative writer to the religion of the brotherhood of man. And Wittgenstein? He had great logical powers, says Russell, but he sacrificed logic to common sense. How does Russell understand "logic" here? If it is sacrificed to common sense, it must be something antithetical to common sense. If so, there might be many who would not deplore Wittgenstein's sacrifice. Russell here remains a spokesman for classical rationalism, which believes that the same ultimate patterns of intelligibility must underlie all fields. Wittgenstein did not become less logical; his thought merely became richer and more flexible. If the essence of Platonism is, as we have said, that it projects mental entities, the Ideas, upon reality and gives these entities a superior status to existents, then the development from the earlier Wittgenstein (who sought to project the oversimplified patterns of logical atomism upon all of reality) to the later Wittgenstein (who sought to follow the living and flowing contours of the real) is indeed a development away from Platonism. Again, in William James's words, it is a movement toward "concreteness and adequacy."

Russell's chagrin at the course which Wittgenstein's development took is perfectly understandable as an opposition of two radically different types of mind. The story is told that one day while Russell and Whitehead were still collaborating on *Principia Mathematica,* Whitehead remarked to Russell, "You know, Bertie, there are two kinds of people in the world—the simple-minded and the muddle-headed. I am muddle-headed; you, Bertie, are simple-minded."

The muddle-headed look at the complexities of things and write obscurely; the simple-minded cultivate clear and distinct ideas but miss the complex depths of sheer matters of fact. The penetration of Whitehead's remark about these inexpugnably different casts of mind is borne out by the separate careers of himself and Russell. They came out of the same homogeneous culture, had very much the same intellectual training, and they were intense and close collaborators for ten years; yet, when their collaboration was over, Whitehead went off on his own to build an intricate and obscure metaphysical system, while Russell continued uninterruptedly and beautifully simple-minded. As for Wittgenstein, he began simple-

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minded and finished muddle-headed. By and large—and the main exceptions are Russell and the logical positivists—20th-century philosophy has moved from simple-mindedness toward muddle-headedness.

Here, for example, is a very chorus of muddle-headedness from three major contemporary thinkers at decisive moments when their thought touches its own extremities where the light of human understanding is shot through with darkness: Whitehead —"Exactness is a fake"; Wittgenstein—"All words are vague"; Heidegger—"All formulae are dangerous." In taking a fresh look at "the things themselves," as Husserl recommended, in seeking to be more adequate to the sheer concreteness of matters of fact, contemporary philosophers have found these "things themselves" quite a bit more complex than the simplifications that philosophers had conspired to paste over them.

II

TWENTIETH-CENTURY philosophy, we have said, has arrived at a historical comprehension of itself in its total tradition; has seen this tradition as Platonic; and also has grasped it as such in the context of a concerted revolt against Platonism.

Coming nearer home and taking a somewhat less ambitious span of time as our unit, we may say that contemporary philosophy has grasped with new insight its historical identity within the epoch of modern philosophy initiated by Descartes in the 17th century; that it has seen more profoundly the themes of this philosophy planted within Cartesianism; and finally, that it has seen these things in the midst of a profound revolt against Cartesianism.

Nothing indicates better the difference in attitude here between the philosophers of this century and of the last than the way in which Hegel in his *History of Philosophy* had celebrated the advent of Descartes as the arrival of the philosophic ship at its true harbor—since with Descartes, philosophy, after the naively objective attitudes of Greek and medieval thinkers, had finally reached what, according to Hegel, is both its true starting point and true goal: the conscious subject. In this century, on the contrary, philosophers have found the Cartesian consciousness to possess a troublesome subjectivism and, moreover, to be saddled with an impossible dualism of mind and matter. Whitehead, Dewey, Heidegger, G. E. Moore are some of the names that have led the contemporary revolt against Cartesianism. In one way or another, and with different degrees of intensity, they have sought to prophesy the end of the Cartesian era in philosophy.

Far from being merely a passing episode in the history of philosophy, Cartesianism is in fact the secret history of Western civilization during the last three hundred years. This is a large claim; and to substantiate it we need to take a brief look at the meaning of Cartesianism.

In the first place, the real goal of Descartes' philosophizing was to guarantee the truth of the then "new science" of mathematical physics. The first step toward this was to establish the solid objectivity of the world of physical things, and particularly those aspects of things that are quantitative and measurable and so can be expressed in mathematical laws. Hence the essential nature of matter, Descartes declares, is extension: that is, the real properties of any physical object are the quantitative ones. But in order to establish this world of physical things, Descartes curiously chooses to begin by doubting its existence. In his celebrated Systematic Doubt—in the course of which he has rejected beliefs in sensations, memories, and the existence of material objects altogether—he arrives at last at the one final bedrock certainty of consciousness certain of itself in its own luminous act of self-awareness: *"Cogito, ergo sum"* (I think, therefore I am). The steps by which Descartes seeks to grope his way back from this little island of self-consciousness to the world of material objects need not concern us here. It is sufficient if we but pause for a moment to glance at this curious Cartesian consciousness, the solitary light—I was about to say "in the world," but the world itself has receded from it in the process of its doubt.

This is Descartes' central bequest to the modern era in philosophy that he launched: the Cartesian consciousness is outside the world. More strictly, it has no world. Or again, in the word of Husserl and Heidegger, it is not "worldly" (*weltlich*). The human person is no longer a being-within-the-world (the hyphens here are meant to express the

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concrete and indivisible fact of our essential involvement with the world), but a forlorn and isolated consciousness outside of nature and outside of the community of other minds. Modern history as the era of man's technological conquest of the planet is launched by a philosophy that decisively and essentially places man outside of nature. That is the curious paradox of Western civilization which now approaches its violent climax in the 20th century, when man's power over nature has grown so overwhelming that it threatens us with the possibility of destruction.

To be sure, Descartes does re-establish the world of material objects—by somewhat shaky means, it is true—but this material world has little resemblance to the actual world in which we live. The real external world for Descartes is a world essentially quantitative and measurable. The qualitative world of our everyday life, with all the color, warmth, and vibrancy of its texture, is thrust out of the world that is real for physical science, and relegated as an unreal specter to our own purely subjective consciousness. Thus the famous Cartesian dualism of matter and mind turns out to be, more significantly, a split between the human and scientific worlds. The split between these two worlds is the central crisis of our history today.

From this Cartesian legacy, understood perhaps for the first time in its full historical depth and significance, the major contemporary philosophers have tried to extricate themselves, and tried to make a new beginning for philosophy. The separate lines of attack upon Cartesianism by Dewey, Whitehead, Heidegger, G. E. Moore and his followers in the school of British Analysis, would provide a pretty clear guide to the essential differences of approach in these philosophers even where they are pursuing, though quite independently, a common goal.

Two exceptions to this common trend—and they are exceptions that do seem to confirm the rule—are Bertrand Russell (who in himself seems sometimes a whole school of philosophy) and the logical positivists. Russell, in the middle of his ninth decade, in embattled controversy with the younger British philosophers who have followed the trail of Moore, is still striking a blow for the unbreachable isolation of the pure Cartesian consciousness: "What I observe is that we *can* witness or observe what goes on in our heads, and that we cannot witness or observe anything else at all."

The Cartesianism of positivism is a more complex and subtle matter. In its earlier phase—in the thought of Carnap, Schlick, and others in the 1920's and early 1930's—positivism was Cartesian even to the assumption of a wholly private and subjective consciousness constructing a public and external world out of reports about its own sense data. Later on, Carnap embraced a public world of physical objects, inter-subjectively valid for all observers. Nevertheless, the Cartesianism continued in the fundamental emphasis of thought upon the quantitative and measurable as the standard of all knowledge. Thus the model of empirical knowledge is taken as physics, and all knowledge is evaluated as it approaches this standard. Positivism rejects any radically pluralistic attitude that would insist upon specifically distinct modes of cognition—whether in art, historical interpretation, or the deliverances of moral experience. The subjectivism of the Cartesian consciousness may have gone, but the extreme spirit of objectification persists—and objects are objects to the degree that they are quantitative and measurable.

Our civilization has been described by one commentator as the triumph of the fact. And the fact is a fact for us the more physical, the more "objective," the more measurable it is. "Facts and figures"—the pairing in this phrase is significant—the computer and the IBM card, are considered more real than the intangibles of personal existence. In this sense—and we had all better recognize it quickly—our civilization is, or is tending to become, *de facto* positivistic; and, in consequence, positivism is the philosophy endemic to our present climate of opinion, all the more powerfully operative when it is unconscious.

At this point we may question whether the 20th-century revolt against idealism has been an unmitigated blessing. So far in this essay, the revolt against idealism has been understood as a breakthrough of a new and and more radical will to truth, an opening of the eyes toward all the plural and irregular dimensions of fact that the tendency to-

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ward system had too easily dismissed or pretended to incorporate. To this judgment we hold, but we have nevertheless to acknowledge a darkness within this light. Even where the philosopher is driven by the laudable passion to "forge every sentence in the teeth of stubborn and irreducible facts," as William James puts it, he may very well go to the extreme of pouring out the baby with the bath. The sense of fact can lead him to reduce the spiritual wholeness of the human personality to a heap of factual shards and fragments. Whatever may be said against idealism as a philosophy, it did at least preserve the spiritual dimension of man. From Berkeley in England through the whole of German idealism, philosophy was involved with the legacy of religion and the religious outlook on life. If its mistake was an arrogance of the intellect in believing that a conceptual system could take over the full spiritual content of what had been in fact, existentially and historically, rooted in religious faith and practice, at least it did not question the validity of the spiritual in man. Hegel's philosophy—with its concept of "Objective Mind" as the concrete complex of institutions, laws, traditions, and rituals that made possible the transmission and development of human civilization—was a secularization of the spirit; but man as man was still recognized as essentially spirit, and in his strict humanity distinct from a cleverly performing animal. Today, in the so-called behavioral sciences, rooted uncompromisingly in a narrow positivism, the spiritual itself becomes meaningless.

III

If the unconscious and unspoken philosophy of the United States, obsessed as it is more and more with technique and know-how, tends toward a naked and factual positivism, then the historical dialogue of this philosophy with the Marxism of the Soviet Union becomes full of all kinds of curious ambiguities.

To be sure, Marxism is an ambiguous enough matter in itself even if at the present time it were not a shadow across the path of Western civilization. Certainly, nothing could demonstrate more clearly than does the influence of Marxism that philosophy is not merely a pastime of idle speculation, but a human commitment fraught with practical consequences. If, as G. K. Chesterton said, what matters about a man is his philosophy, and nothing else matters quite so much, then this is certainly true of the convinced Marxist, for his beliefs will regulate his life down to the smallest detail.

But here, in its very grip upon the life and actions of man, Marxism presents a fundamental ambiguity. Is it a philosophy or an ideology? Is it an intellectual system that aims essentially at the truth, or is it a banner for the individual and social will to action?

In Marx himself these two strands of thought are not sharply separated. The analyst of society goes hand in hand with the wrathful prophet of revolution. Marx's attempt to understand history as the conflict of economic classes is so powerful and cogent an interpretation that it is naturally evaded by Western statesmen and political scientists alike. How far it is a *complete* interpretation of history we may leave to the specialists, the social scientists, and the historians to determine. But there is one aspect of the economic interpretation of history that does bring before us a matter of philosophic principle. To begin with, Marx accepted the presupposition of the classical economists that the aim of economic analysis was to find out the "laws" that determine the workings of the economic system. The unacknowledged model of understanding, here again, was physics, and quite naturally the classical economists came into being in a thoroughly Newtonian climate of opinion. With this unacknowledged presupposition there went the unspoken assumption that a human subject matter—men in their economic behavior—would not require any specifically different mode of understanding from the phenomena of physical nature. The problem was to find the inalterable laws that, more or less in the deterministic manner of Newtonian science, regulated the workings of the economic machine. In all of this, and even in the specific "laws" of the capitalist machine that he promulgated, Marx was following the classical economists, particularly David Ricardo. The central "law" of the system was that the rich would get richer and the poor poorer—or at least do no better than to stay at the subsistence level. Where Marx

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differed from his predecessors was that this "law" became with him a decision to scrap the system itself.

This decision has been crucial historically for the growth of Marxism as a force in the world; it is also crucial philosophically since it raises the fundamental ambiguity within Marxist thought. If the system can be changed by the political action of a revolutionary proletariat, then there would certainly not seem to be inalterable "laws" of economics, nor would the economic factor be more fundamental than the political.

MARX's followers have played ducks and drakes with this question of freedom and determinism. Those who have claimed the mantle of orthodoxy have insisted mechanically on the priority of the economic so that the destruction of the system has been represented as something automatic, like the breakdown of a machine out of balance—and of course this description is usually accompanied by all manner of quasi-physical metaphors, the model of physical science being always in the background. Even so, this would not account for the political decision and action that replaces the broken-down economic machine. The facts are, of course, that capitalism has not broken down in the fashion Marxists projected, that simply as an economic machine it bids fair to perform indefinitely, that the apparently inalterable "laws" governing the system have not turned out to be laws in any way like the basic and elementary laws of physics. To be sure, this has been accomplished largely by political intervention within the economy itself. However, we are not concerned here with a defense of the system, but with the general issue of economic determinism; and the political measures by means of which capitalism has been enabled to continue to function, and to function at a level of prosperity unimaginable to Marx or anyone else in the 19th century, certainly provide no evidence for the priority of the economic over the political factor as a social determinant. It would seem, on the contrary, to provide the strongest possible evidence for the priority of political decision—and thus of the power of man as a free agent to take his historical destiny in his own hands.

To compound the ambiguity, the doctrine of economic determinism, with its corollary of the inevitable collapse of capitalism, has been one of the most dynamic factors in the propagation of Communism. This is not altogether unprecedented in history: at the beginning of our modern epoch the Protestant doctrine of predestination became a furious will to economic action on the part of the first capitalists. So at the present time the Marxist view of the inevitability of socialism promotes the will to action among the underdeveloped peoples and provides them with the same kind of austere energy that Calvinism once was able to galvanize for the building of capitalism. Man, it would seem, never exerts himself more strenuously than when he believes his cause is in the lap of necessity—whether the necessity be the providence of the Deity or the march of History.

Thus as Marx's thought was congealed more and more into orthodox Marxism with a rigid and reductive doctrine of economic determinism, it has turned more and more into an ideology—hence into a faith that bolsters the will to action. In Marx himself however, there had been another philosophical basis for will to action: "Philosophers up to now," he declared, "have merely reflected the world; we have to change it." In this revolt against German idealistic philosophy, his attitude coincides with, even as it anticipates, that of pragmatism. An ideal system that purports merely to reflect the world is hardly the fullest realization of thinking, which as a human act is always a project toward the future and therefore involves the prospects of change and transition. But this inspiration of genius that lay at the basis of his thought is also fragmentary, and the fact is that Marx's philosophy remained an incomplete one. Unfortunately, his Marxist followers did not complete that philosophy—if by completing we understand the necessary philosophic business of further exploration and qualification; fiercely practical men like Lenin merely congealed it into a narrow system that would serve for party action. And to make matters worse, Communism has not yet produced a liberal regime wherever it has taken over power, so that it has been unable to indulge in the luxury of re-examining its own philosophic prejudices.

Hence Marxist materialism, as an incom-

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plete and indeed arrested philosophy, has remained within the world of Descartes: a world of objects, measurable and calculable, set over against the consciousness of man. This tendency has been abetted by the furious emphasis upon technology and technique since Communism came to power in underdeveloped countries like Russia and China. Technological reason takes as the supreme reality the world of measurable and calculable objects. Socialism is extolled as the political form that best furthers man's conquest over nature. The seeds of dualism that lie latent in this human conquest of nature are not brought into thought. The society clamors for more and more engineers, for more and more physical scientists. No doubt, these technicians are necessary to raise the material level of people; but the philosophical premises that lie behind that clamor remain unquestioned.

In this sense Marxism remains, intellectually speaking, riveted to its own past. It has not been touched by the principal currents of thought within 20th-century philosophy. In a period when the conclusions of philosophers everywhere seem to be an emphasis upon the radical pluralism of experience, the finiteness of human reason, and the inability of any system of ideas to explain absolutely the concreteness of existence—in such a period, Marxism with its dogmatic claim upon the absolute finality of its own truth, seems curiously anachronistic. Perhaps the Communist societies may some day liberalize themselves, and in an atmosphere of free thought and free criticism they may find the ideas upon which they are based to be, like all human ideas, finite and incomplete. And so they would be delivered from the fanaticism of ideology to the flexible intelligence of philosophy. If this were to happen, it would be a major and benign turning point in history. In the meantime, however, we have to expect that the struggle for power in the world will revolve around an anachronistic set of ideas.

This should not surprise us too much. It has always been the way with history. Men act in the dark—or at best in a very incomplete light—and the watchwords in the power struggle are usually fragments of ideas that have already seen their day. That such should be the melancholy fact of history should at least give us more heart for the philosophic enterprise. It is only in the light of the advances within philosophy itself that one can look at the ideas now circulating in the world as not truly contemporary. Philosophy as the human effort toward total self-consciousness can never cease unless human civilization itself comes to an end. To Hegel's question, whether the owl of Minerva flies only at night, we have to give the answer—no: the philosophers do not merely reflect their world; to the degree that they think, really think, they are ahead of the world, which in fact thinks as little as it has to.

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LIVING THEATER

Lionel Abel

EVER SINCE Jack Gelber's *The Connection,* damned by the New York newspaper critics, stayed on the boards to win their praise, the Living Theatre, which staged the play, has gone from success to success. It is now a respected institution, not only in New York, but throughout Europe; even those who do not like it say: "After all—it's alive."

This season, the Living Theatre staged a new play by Gelber: *The Apple.* And the newspaper reviewers were much more respectful, though not completely enthusiastic. Should one be completely enthusiastic about *The Apple?* Or were the newspaper critics wrong once again, wrong this time for withholding their fire?

Now I found *The Apple* an authentically unbrilliant play with an authentically unbrilliant message. What it says is: Be an imbecile.

I was one of those who praised *The Connection,** but I remember wondering, after justifying my praise of it, what Jack Gelber's next play would be like. It is to be hoped that his third play will have some of the solidity and seriousness of his first. For *The Apple* is gimmicky from beginning to end. And its gimmicks are only mildly interesting. Though, to be fair, they are occasionally infused with a note of that "wretched lyricism" which Harold Clurman noted and admired—rightly—in *The Connection.*

To be sure, the dramatic concept which the Living Theatre specializes in is essentially a gimmicky one; this is not to say that the concept is either good or bad, but only that it is limited. Certainly there is a place in life and on the stage for gimmicks and gimmickyness. But why, it may be asked, should an institution calling itself the Living Theatre be gimmicky? And mainly that? My answer is: "living theater" always was.

What, then, is meant by "living theater"? To my mind, something not exactly new. On the contrary, something that occurs occasionally in most plays, and that has been singled out for special attention by Judith Malina, Julian Beck (the directors), Jack Gelber, and their fellows. For example, in a rather poor play of Sartre's, *Lucifer and the Lord,* written during the Korean war, while MacArthur was still in command, Sartre made one of his characters, a bourgeois of the 16th century, say of a general; it would be best to remove him from his post, but can a civilian fire a general? This crack was a pure political gimmick, intended to excite the anti-American feelings of Parisians of that period. Unfortunately for Jean-Paul Sartre, by the time his play was produced Truman had removed MacArthur, and the crack fell flat.

There are cracks of this type in probably every Broadway play, some of them opportune, others too early or too late. But why should an institution of the theater devote itself to this type of effect? My own view is that whatever is alive will have enough energy to think up some *raison d'être* or justification for itself; such justification, however, is unlikely to be that it is "living."

Let us go back several hundred years. Cervantes, who was a fair playwright before he became a great novelist, at some point in his career tried his hand at "living theater," too. He wrote a number of plays which aimed at affecting the audience directly instead of at moving them through the force or beauty of the story he had to tell. Take *The Marvelous Pageant.* In this Cervantes work, two unscrupulous showmen put on a performance in a Spanish town. They explain beforehand to the Governor why their show is bound to be sure-fire:

> On account of the marvelous things that appear and are shown in it, it came to be called the Marvelous Pageant. It was manufactured and compounded by the

* See *Partisan Review,* Winter 1960.—ED.

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> learned Foolfoorello . . . [in such a way] that no one can see the things that appear in it if he have in his ancestry a trace of Jewish blood, or if he be not begotten and procreated in lawful matrimony; and he who is touched with these two prevalent contagions, let him give up all hope of ever seeing the marvels . . . of my pageant.

The play, paid for in advance, is "put on" before the inhabitants of the town. When the audience is assembled, one of the showmen, Chanfalla, addresses them:

> CHANFALLA: Attention, ladies and gentlemen, the performance is about to start!
>
> O thou, whoever thou wert, who didst construct this pageant with such a marvelous artifice that it gained fame. . . . I conjure thee, I compel thee, I command thee, instantly and immediately to display to these gentlemen some of thy marvelous marvels. . . . Ah, now I see thou hast granted my petition since over there appears the figure of mighty Samson, embracing the columns of the temple to pull it down and take vengeance on his enemies. Hold, valiant knight! . . . Commit not such an offense, in order not to crush and pulverize so many and such noble folk. . . .
>
> BENITO (the Mayor): Stop, confound you! Wouldn't that be great, that we came here to have a good time and ended up by being squashed!
>
> CAPACHO (Notary): Do you see him, Castrado?
>
> JUAN (Alderman): Of course I see him! Are my eyes in the back of my head?
>
> THE GOVERNOR (aside): This *is* a miraculous business! I don't see any Samson, any more than I see the Grand Turk; yet I consider myself a legitimate child and of a good old Christian family.

After Samson, the showmen "materialize" water from the source of the Jordan; blue, white, and speckled mice descended directly from the two Noah's arks, a wild bull, lions, bears, and finally Salome, dancing. Members of the audience are then asked to dance with Salome, and the nephew of the mayor obliges. The play terminates when the quartermaster arrives. Not having heard the showman's speech at the beginning of the performance, he reacts naturally. When he sees the nephew of the mayor dancing without a partner and the audience entranced by the wonderful couple, he concludes that everyone has gone mad. Because he does not see what the others "see," they call him "Jew" and "bastard" and he goes after everyone on the stage—actors and audience —with drawn sword.

This play of Cervantes charms at once, but what is the point of it? For one thing, it presents an audience on the stage, and the audience watching this audience is provided with some glimpse of itself: it is enabled to see itself seeing. Then, a real event is produced by the putting on of a false show, for the quartermaster is not a spectator cozened into performing, nor is he a performer; he performs all the same, but his rage and exasperation are unfeigned. A real person puts an end to a show. But certainly Cervantes' chief aim was to amuse, by frightening, the real audience watching the false show. No one in the audience on the stage could get up and walk out for fear of being called "Jew" or "bastard," serious terms, these, in the Spain of Cervantes. But the real audience, watching that audience, could not but have had the same fear; this fear Cervantes manipulates marvelously. Here we have "living theater" at its best.

The Apple is "living theater" too, but not nearly so good. At the beginning of the play one of the actors, a Negro, threatens the audience:

> You're going to witness and may be part of some destructive scenes. That might take over your mind and make you forget just how warm your body is. . . . This is no joking matter. We are going to eat up the set, the audience, and nibble a little on ourselves. . . .

Nothing of the sort takes place. But the audience of *The Apple* is supposed to fear for a moment that it is unsafe to be in the Living Theatre. Other ways of involving the audience directly are tried out. For instance, the Negro sells coffee to people in the front rows; the voices of the actors are sometimes heard from the rear through loudspeakers. Still one doesn't see how the activity on the stage could reach any real fear, or hope, or despair. For there is nothing in the effort of the production to get directly to the audience comparable to Cervantes' insinuation that anyone who walked out on his *Marvelous Pageant* might be a bastard or a Jew. Perhaps though, people enjoy *The Apple* with some fear: if they admitted to not

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enjoying it, they might be called squares.

Toward the end of the second act, the audience is addressed directly:

> Come over to our side. You're not doing anything important. What do you do all day? Read the papers? You have a job! And you vote! You really make up your own mind? You don't know who you are until you're dead. Wouldn't you like to know? Life is so apathetic! Everything in your life changes from day to day. . . . Isn't it confusing and then just boring? Life is such a bore! Come over to our side. We've got some absolute values you've never heard about.

Now a person who goes to the theater wants nothing better than to be on the side of somebody who is already on the stage. If any chance is provided by the show, the spectator will be able to forget his own life and yield to the appeal of an imaginary one. "Living theater," of course, wants a somewhat different effect. It wants to touch the spectator directly in his own life without his having forgotten it. But can this be achieved by begging him to change his views? To what views? No new ones are proposed. What is the spectator to do? Is he to contribute to the Living Theatre? Become a member of its cast? During *The Apple,* an actor tells the audience that anyone wishing a part should leave his name at the box office.

BUT WHAT OCCURS during the performance of *The Apple* that could possibly excite the desire of a spectator to take part in it? At least in *The Connection* we saw people taking drugs to music. That was something definite. Besides, the action in the play presented a real milieu, to which, things being what they are, one might conceivably want to belong. In *The Apple* there is no real milieu, nor is there any action; no goal is proposed by anybody other than the desire to disconcert the audience. A spastic is insulted by a drunk, a dummy is operated on, a "drip" painting is dripped on glass, the drunk dies, the spastic reveals that he is not really a spastic but was merely acting. Finally, the message of the play is delivered by the actor who at the outset had promised the audience dire things if it stayed to the end:

> You know, something dies and something is born. A little of the old faces and a few of the new. It could be you up here. There's only one necessary ingredient .You got to want. I don't care if you want a meal or if you come to steal. It'll work itself out. One way or the other. Look at this apple. . . . You can tell a lot of people wanted this apple because it's all chewed up. It's a good thing. . . . Now don't come back without wanting something. Hear me? Okay, Okay. . . .

Isn't this speech one the audience might have addressed to the actors on the stage? For it is a law of the stage that people on it must want something. After all, it was his understanding of this law that made Corneille a great playwright. Moreover, Samuel Beckett's refusal to accept this law has made him an inadequate playwright, except in *Waiting for Godot,* where his characters at least "want" something: to wait. Now in *The Apple* we see people on the stage who want nothing, but who yet lecture the audience on the desirability of "wanting." The audience, by being in the theater, has indicated that it wants something. I think it wants to see a play.

I take it, though, that the play's message is not just the admonition to "want." The message really is: Why don't you want to be like us? What is wrong with you? But after the clumsy antics of *The Apple*'s performers, who could prefer their lot to his own? Evidently, some can.

We have recently had in New York a phenomenon called "Happenings." These are improvised performances put on mainly in painters' studios and mainly by painters. Why not? In a new play by Jean Genet the actors are required to paint the sets. So why shouldn't painters act? But do the actors of "Happenings" act? Apparently they do now, for these things, having caught on, are now rehearsed. For instance, in a "Happening" done by the Living Theatre itself on a Monday night, a girl—Japanese—made love to a piano—placed on its backside. Another gimmick, of course. . . . Now *The Apple* could be best described as a collage of "Happenings."*

* A grim happening involving the New York Police last month unfortunately had Julian Beck himself, the director of the Living Theatre, for its victim. Mr. Beck was in a street demonstration against the resumption of nuclear tests when he was struck by the police. His political stand is one which, whatever we conclude about testing, cannot be called irrational.

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Is the Living Theatre wrong to have concentrated at this time on one theatrical effect? One aim is better than two or three, if it is, in fact, the best aim possible. But if what is aimed at is clearly secondary or tangential in the whole order of theatrical effects, then to make of that aim something absolute is a sign of poverty not riches, of weakness not strength.

I think, too, that "living theater" can have only as much life as its audiences bring to it. The effect it specializes in requires good, that is to say, lively audiences. But the plays the Living Theatre has chosen for production have suggested in the main—*The Apple* most emphatically—that any audience, *qua* audience, is dead. If the real show appears in the self-consciousness of the public, a self-consciousness the play serves merely to stimulate, then that public must be already real and not hungering for some "reality" it can find only on the stage. Brecht did not think his audience wanted nothing; perhaps he thought it wanted capitalism; he wanted to change this want, or to substitute a new object for it: Communism. Brecht did not think his spectators dead; he thought them mistaken. With a dead audience, how can there be life on any stage? And of all stages, that of the Living Theatre?

Jack Gelber told reporters that the theme of *The Apple* is death. And it is: death taken abstractly, in its opposition to life as such, no matter how purposeless. But life without purpose is indistinguishable from death, and there can be no real conflict between death and death. Life is "really" life only when it goes against its own tendency to be indeterminate and anomalous, only when it sets itself a goal, only when it wants to do something more than to just go on living. And even the message of *The Apple*—Be an imbecile—could have been meaningful if intended—it was not—as a protest against life's boring and protoplasmic trend toward indeterminateness. It has been said that an intelligent person in the modern world can no longer set himself a goal. In that case, I suggest, intelligent people should set themselves the goal of being a little less intelligent. But the self-chastisement of reason is something very different from the crass and blatant assertion of sheer mindlessness. The message of *The Apple* is far indeed from the rueful wisdom with which Gogol's play *The Gamblers* terminates, when the professional, who has been cheated by even sharper sharpers, sums up the truth of his experience as follows: "My mother told me when I was young: If you are stupid, be resigned to being stupid; but if you happen to be intelligent, try, try to be stupid."

Lionel Abel's *plays have been performed off-Broadway. His book of essays,* Tragedy or Metatheater, *to be published next fall by Hill and Wang, will include the above piece.*

* * *

TURMOIL AT JEWS' COLLEGE

John Gross

The past few weeks have seen a major rumpus in the Anglo-Jewish community. Internal disputes in the community rarely attract the attention of the general press, but this one has been covered in full by the London *Times* and *Daily Telegraph,* and it has had enough picturesque detail to satisfy a Jewish Anthony Trollope, if there were such a thing: a High Court judge interviewed on holiday at Zermatt, the Chief Rabbi embarking on a world tour and saying he doesn't expect to enjoy the journey, the Jewish press abuzz with correspondence, speeches, resolutions, resignations, and every *koch leffel* in the community helping to stir the controversy. But although the immediate row only concerns one man and one appointment, the fuss is about more than personalities; questions of the first importance for observant English Jews are at stake.

Three years ago the officers of Jews' College in London invited Rabbi Louis Jacobs to take up the post of Tutor, on the understanding that he would become Principal of the College when the present Principal retires at the end of this academic year. It was an unofficial understanding, since the Chief Rabbi, Dr. Israel Brodie, has the power of veto on the appointment. Rabbi Jacobs gave up his post at one of the leading synagogues in London, the New West End, to become Tutor, and ever since, the Chief Rabbi has been pressed to give his approval of Rabbi Jacobs' eventual promotion, but without success. At a stormy meeting of the Jews' College Council last December there was an attempt to force the issue and get a straight

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"yes" or "no" from the Chief Rabbi, but he refused to commit himself until his return from a visit to Australia this April. This was generally interpreted as "no"; Rabbi Jacobs promptly handed in his resignation, and so did most members of the Jews' College Council, headed by their chairman, Mr. Justice Mocatta.

The foundation of Jews' College by Moses Montefiore and others in 1855 followed a Western European trend of the period which had already led to the establishment of notable Orthodox seminaries in Padua, Metz, and Breslau. The College is affiliated to London University; secular subjects are included in the curriculum, and students take a London degree. On the other hand, the tradition of the College has always been unswervingly Halachic and fundamentalist, under the guidance of such men as the redoubtable Adolph Buechler and the present Principal, Rabbi Isidore Epstein (author of the Penguin handbook on *Judaism* referred to by Lucy Dawidowicz in a review in the December 1960 number of COMMENTARY). Rabbi Jacobs is opposed as a modernist, although he is certainly sufficiently Orthodox to have been acceptable as a tutor at the College for the past three years, and opponents find it hard to cite evidence in chapter and verse from his published work. As far as I can make out, it is as a potential reformer that he is resisted, rather than on the grounds of anything which he has said so far; the marked respect which he shows modern standards of scholarship and the stress which he places on the Oral Tradition both seem ominous to an older generation. On one thing almost everyone is agreed: that he is a man of complete integrity, an impressive figure in an otherwise pretty barren period.

He is, in other words, an obvious candidate for the position of Chief Rabbi, which is likely to become vacant within the next few years. (Another factor in his favor, unspoken but very much in the air, is that he is completely Anglicized in manner; an incongruous, perhaps an unworthy consideration, but most people undoubtedly want a Chief Rabbi who is "acceptable" to non-Jews on official committees, at Lord Mayors' banquets, on the BBC, and so forth.) A repetition or intensification of the Jews' College controversy could only be degrading, whatever the outcome, and there has already been talk of Rabbi Jacobs leaving the country. Yet even if he is not involved himself, it is hard not to see the present dispute erupting again when the time comes to appoint the next Chief Rabbi.

THE TROUBLE LARGELY stems from the anomalies of the United Synagogue, the association of synagogues to which most English Jews belong and which nominates the Chief Rabbi. The United Synagogue is a curiously English institution, staunchly Orthodox in theory, almost latitudinarian in practice. A few ultra-Orthodox groups reject the authority of the Chief Rabbi, although even they may approve, say, of an individual member of the Beth Din, since most Orthodox leaders have up till now stayed inside the United Synagogue. On the other hand, a United Synagogue minister has to know when to turn a blind eye; his congregation are less and less likely to be strictly observant in their daily lives. This problem has always existed—one or two of the United Synagogue's most influential lay leaders have been notoriously flexible in their personal interpretations of Judaism—but as long as at least a substantial minority of ordinary congregants were genuinely Orthodox it could be put to one side. As the older generation (and particularly the foreign-born) pass away, however, the problem grows steadily more acute. Outwardly the United Synagogue is flourishing: synagogues have waiting lists, there are overflow services on the High Holidays, the Jewish Day School movement has at long last found its feet. But over against this, the gulf between the minister and the great bulk of his congregation grows wider every year.

The institutions of organized Jewish life in England are highly centralized, and the community often strikes outside observers as remarkably compact—to an unhealthy degree, according to critics. But the spirit of unity has been kept alive to a large extent by external pressures which have grown much weaker over the past fifteen years.* There is still a great deal of grumbling golf-

* For a full discussion of these issues see the two articles by Alan W. Miller and A. V. Sherman on "The Changing Anglo-Jewish Community" (November, 1960).—ED.

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club anti-Semitism, and lunatic-fringe groups like the British National Party keep themselves amused by chalking slogans and swastikas on posters in the subways, but these are pin-pricks; it may be too good to last, but for the time being prejudice doesn't present English Jews with any serious problems. They are less on the defensive, then, and certainly less Orthodox; yet there are still few signs of the wholesale assimilation which has been predicted for as long as anyone can remember. The synagogue is still the center of communal life (it has a rival in the fund-raising organization for Israel, but the two often overlap), at a time when religious life is at a low ebb.

Much of this may seem tediously familiar to American readers, but there is one significant difference between the American-Jewish and Anglo-Jewish scenes. Reform has made no real headway in England, and there is no equivalent of the Conservative movement. Louis Jacobs' supporters claim that unless the United Synagogue is led by a man of his caliber, it is bound to lose ground quickly, probably to breakaway groups. Certainly the bitterness of the present controversy suggests how difficult it is becoming to maintain the compromise on which Jewish religious life in England traditionally rests.

JOHN GROSS, *who lives in London, has published previously in* COMMENTARY, *and writes for many of the English journals.*

* * *

THE STORIES OF DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Robert W. Flint

THERE IS NO DOUBT that Delmore Schwartz's first book of stories, *The World Is a Wedding*, was a considerable, though not popular, success. This may have surprised even the author, who was known in 1948, and may have wanted chiefly to be known, as a brilliant young poet. One can easily imagine Mr. Schwartz swept up by a reading of Turgenev or Chekhov or both and "trying his hand" in what seemed to him at the time a casual way at some social history *à la russe*, oblivious of the reigning vogue for symbols and mythological epiphanies, fairly careless of the unities, or the rule insisted upon by Frank O'Connor that a short story should encompass only one crisis or mood. But somehow a deeper necessity than merely hitting the average highbrow literary taste took hold of Schwartz, and he was faithful to a higher rule than any he flouted: namely, that an ounce of presentation is worth a pound of care; and drew what to my mind is the definitive portrait of the Jewish middle class in New York during the Depression.

How do I, knowing relatively little of this class at first hand, undertake such a verdict? Because these early stories still seem to me among the very best written anywhere at the time. They are acts of discovery and celebration such as no other group in the country at the time could have produced, and they have the great virtue of having been generated from the real, as against the ideological, preoccupations of their society, of aiming neither, like Salinger's stories, to fit the new life into the classical patterns of sentimental farce, nor, by gentle and subtle distortion, to revive lost folkish sentiments recovered from writers like Babel or Sholem Aleichem. This is New York Jewry, I venture to say, of an integrity and wholeness unmatched elsewhere in fiction, before the intellectual diaspora of the 40's began, before Leslie Fiedler began howling from Montana for an end to innocence or Karl Shapiro from Nebraska for an end to T. S. Eliot.

Marx and Freud are still good uncles in this book, not domineering schoolmarms. Alfred Kazin has written of the "sodden brilliance" of Jewish political dialectics in the New York of this era. By forgoing colloquial brilliance of the Salinger variety, Schwartz found a pace that avoided lapses into soddenness, either by omission or commission. The tempo of these stories matches their language; deliberate, careful, formal, gray to gray readers, tired to tired readers: tempo and language seem fourteen years later to have been exactly right, in the chronicle of a society discovering a new life along with a new language, a society moving with great circumspection in spite of its clannishness and intellectual assurance, a society that could not help sentimentalizing somewhat over what it took to be relics of an older and purer America and attempting to adopt them into its successful advance.

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If it moved slowly, it also made the frontal attack on American mores that required a historian like Delmore Schwartz; to explain to itself and the world, for instance, that marriage in so fluid a society had become a career in itself at which people like the Baumanns in "America! America!" could excel when they excelled at little else, or that the majority of marriages in the United States cannot help seeming bizarre to friends of either party, so problematic has the institution become. Schwartz recorded the effect of business cycles on careers with impassive pity, or the incommensurability of talents and careers during a depression. That these crises have been "normalized" since the last war in no way lessens the relevance of Schwartz's history.

The histrionic richness of these stories is like that of Chekhov in his drama rather than his fiction, though where Chekhov is obliged to make his characters declare themselves fully, Schwartz does not scruple to provide the clues himself to his characters' endless misunderstandings. And this is because his mind moves towards a kind of *Weisheitsdichtung* that is impatient, under the circumstances, of an overly educated literary subterfuge. In "New Year's Eve" Shenandoah Fish expresses the vision toward which the stories move: "Some other world, some world of goodness; some other life; some life where the nobility we admire is lived; some life in which those who have dedicated their being to the examination of consciousness live by the laws they face at every turn." In the last flare of naturalism which the early Schwartz celebrates, there is no retreat to Zen or the California Sierras or even to Durrell's Alexandria. His vision is measured against the lives of dentists, insurance agents, New York writers, teachers, and publishers; and if the colors tend to be dark, the composition is spacious and centripetal as the later fantasists rarely succeed in being. The humor is casual; the stories can equally well be read as serious or comic, according to the reader's temperament. Schwartz's master ironies are large enough to evoke any of a dozen conflicting emotions. The smaller ironies feed the larger; we are not surprised, for example, to learn, halfway through "The World Is a Wedding," that Rudyard Bell, hero and center of his circle, is a bully to his sister and perhaps a passive homosexual, or that Ruth Hart of "The Child Is the Meaning of This Life," the "powerful human being who lived through her devotion to her children" has, in fact, as she jokingly says at the end of the story, "the worst children in the world." These reverses follow the rhythm of the author's perception and are not intended to illustrate some borrowed thesis about Illusion and Reality, so dear to reviewers of fiction, but rather some very exact thesis about American urban society of the 30's, when intellectuals, however obliquely they came at it, had an especially vivid sense of the fate of their society. They knew it as tragic, hopeless, radically sick—the "place" of the party in "New Year's Eve" is the sense of "having-nowhere-better-to-go"—but they accepted it as a fate and not as a weapon in a cold war or as a springboard into exotic states of being.

To summarize the value of *The World Is a Wedding* is to say that the affection and interest it arouses, in this critic at least, require that it be treated in language no less formal than its own. Even the physical volume *is*, for me, New York, more than anything except some James, Wharton, and Hart Crane.

SCHWARTZ'S NEW COLLECTION, *Successful Love*,* belongs very clearly to another era, the era for which Fiedler found a suitable epigraph in his title, *An End to Innocence*. None of these stories is concerned with Jewish life as such and thereby reflects the change that has weakened the emotional and intellectual ties of the community. One of the best, "The Hartford Innocents," is narrated in part by a Dewitt Howe, solemn officer of an unspecified charitable foundation, investigating the scandal that occurs in a fashionable progressive Eastern school when the forthright daughter of a liberal Protestant Midwestern clergyman decides to adopt a half-Negro child mysteriously left on her family's doorstep and raise it herself at school. This is about as far within continental limits as Schwartz could get from the atmosphere of *The World Is a Wedding*. He has, in fact, turned to writing the sort of fable that has become increasingly popular, stimulated perhaps by the example of

* Corinth Books. 242 pp., $4.50; paperback $1.95.

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Camus, Silone, and Moravia, and the desire to keep at least a rational, if not very physical, grip on reality. It is fascinating to see how he carries his fictional equipment almost intact into this new, windier territory.

"Successful Love," "Tales from the Vienna Woods," "The Gift," and "A Colossal Fortune" are gayer, snappier, more colloquial and cheerfully mundane than anything he has done before. They are the work of a self-confident author amusing himself with the fruit of much talk, experience, and casual reading. There is a tendency to construct characters out of variations on well-known figures: the hero of "An American Fairy Tale" strongly suggests Leonard Bernstein, and the father who becomes a "primitive abstractionist" on retirement from business suggests the senior Nemeroy (father of the poet Howard). But the peroration of this story leaves me at a loss:

> How beautiful this success story is, how good, how true! It is the equal of any fairy tale, it is full of purity, innocence and happiness. It is like a newborn child. It is as if one were to say, believe, and hope that America were going to be discovered again.

I *think* this may be a bitter irony, but am unwilling to wager that it is, so much more strongly are we asked to feel about these characters than we could possibly feel about their prototypes in life.

In any event, *something* is missing, and it is neither skill nor acuteness of perception nor humor. As counterpoint to the rational exfoliation of themes about a problem, Schwartz sounds an affecting new note of midnight lyricism:

> One for love, one for frustration, and one for desperation, brandy for hope and beer for nervousness, Martinis to eat and whiskey to sleep, one to be calm, two to be gay, one to be warm and a few to have something to say. A pint to make love and a case to get away from the guilt one cannot face after the great wild flower of the sunset has gone down and left one alone in the isolation and condemnation of the night, the darkness of fear amid electric light. One for the strength never to despair, one to be near the hope which is born of desperate fear, one to remember always that the greatest courage is born of the greatest danger, that courage is born of fear, one never to forget how hope is a way of being alive and living with the real people.

This sort of poetic prose, inextricably woven into the fabric of his earlier stories, detaches itself here and, so to speak, drops off at a bar for a drink by itself. Amidst the funny barroom banter or the solemn, formal brilliance of Dr. Manning's diagnosis of true charity in "The Hartford Innocents," one has no doubts of Schwartz's continuing skill. The missing element, I think, is simply a theme to match the theme or themes of *The World Is a Wedding*. I was uncomfortable when Leslie Fiedler discovered the dangers of innocence and am no less so now that Delmore Schwartz has discovered them. He seems too honest to be much convinced of anything but the theme's literary usefulness amidst the general vacancy, and this in turn does not seem quite enough.

> The infamy of innocence begins by concerting a valid legal postulate—that all human beings are *born* equal—into an ideal and an absolute which must be realized immediately; if it is not, we are all unconscionable scoundrels and hypocrites. . . . The attitudes and principles meant as theoretical limits of the structure of a democratic society had become not the boundary lines they were meant to be but the center of attention, consciousness and action. The Hartford girls, in their disregard for all but principle, acted as if human beings existed for the sake of having a democratic state, rather than the democratic state for the sake of the human beings inhabiting it.

This is eloquent and just, especially considering that it is a comment on what happens in Schwartz's own story where the girls act with an extraordinary degree of selfless idealism. But it comes at the end of a long demonstration of exactly what innocence can still achieve when joined to strong natural gifts. The very substance of the story, indeed, is little more than the charm and power of innocence. The Negro baby that Candida Manning adopts might just as well, had the parents and school officials been less innocent, have been adopted by the proper agencies in the beginning.

It would be difficult to maintain that innocence is our chief danger. Schwartz does not attempt it. But the theme has a dismaying attraction today, because it permits the

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writer genially to patronize popular culture whose charms he both assimilates and ridicules, the dividing line between affection and ridicule becoming increasingly less visible to dull readers like myself. At the same time, he repudiates his doctrinaire past as partaking, at one remove perhaps, of the general climate of innocence. Whereas the innocence which made *The World Is a Wedding* possible—Schwartz's own in the 30's and 40's—gave its author a strong taste for the most general case within the strictest social limits, this new zeal in the exposure of innocence, however relieved by humor, cannot help bearing down on the special case, since to accuse a whole nation of innocence is to dissipate whatever point one may have had in mind. And this is a loss to fiction because there are many agencies more pressing than fiction for the airing of special cases. Inventive as Schwartz may be in concocting his fables, one cannot read them without suspecting that in about five minutes reality, aided by the press, TV, etc., will provide something better; that problem-posing, or according to the latest cant, Decision Making, has become so much the normal substance of life that fiction can only limp along behind. What we must have from fiction is life itself, and the life of an old language when it enters a new life in the world.

ROBERT W. FLINT'S *last previous contribution to* COMMENTARY *was a review of Lawrence Durrell's* Alexandria Quartet (*April 1959*).

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THE GRAY AREAS OF AMERICAN CITIES

Abe Gottlieb

THE DEBATE over the creation of a Department of Urban Affairs may finally focus the country's attention upon those vast "gray" areas that now pocket our urban landscape. Beginning generally where the hard core of slums leave off, these areas stretch outward from the center of the city to the rings of "better" neighborhoods, sometimes to the suburbs. Present in practically every large city in the United States and in a great many smaller ones, they provide the homes and neighborhoods of about fifty million people, and will house millions more, given the current mobility rates of the American people.

Each city manages to mark its own gray areas with a certain degree of individuality: Boston's are not simply imitations of Newark's, and both differ, in many respects, from those in New York City. Yet whether the blocks contain a liberal mixture of marginal retail stores, small factories, and rooming houses, or, more monotonously, present only unrelieved façades of closely spaced porches, they all have the same characteristic look—dowdy and down at the heels. Not yet decrepit enough to be called slums and torn down, these gray areas are now in need of a major remedial program to halt their rapid deterioration. The difficulty is that the resources, tools, and techniques which can be brought to bear on any program of rehabilitation are surprisingly few. Even allowing for the fact that federally assisted rehabilitation action only became possible under the National Housing Act of 1954 (five years after the slum clearance program received its initial impetus), urban renewal has been almost wholly in the direction of demolition and rebuilding. Thus, of the 870 renewal project areas approved for federal assistance in some 475 communities up till 1961, only about 170 of them involved the improvement of existing residential structures and neighborhoods. By the end of 1959, less than 20 of the latter had been completed; in total, a woefully inadequate 6,000 dwelling units have now been rehabilitated.

This poverty not only of program, but of will and know-how, is in sharp contrast with the response to the problem of slum clearance and redevelopment, which in about ten short years has enlisted private developers, banks and mortgage lending groups, and the construction industry into one integrated and highly effective operation. Cities do the preliminary survey work; they then purchase the land, demolish the existing structures, and finally offer the cleared areas for sale. A developer (sometimes a university, labor union, or other non-profit group, but most often a private builder) buys the land at a considerably lower price than it originally cost the city, and the difference or "write down" is shared on a two thirds–one third basis by the federal government and the city.

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This team work is helped along by a heavy injection of federal funds under Title I of the Housing Act of 1949. It presents the private investor with the attractive possibility of a profitable venture in some of the choicest downtown real estate available today. As for the city, it gets some of its worst eyesores and health hazards eliminated, and very shortly thereafter begins to collect more tax money than it took in from the original properties. Surrounding stores and businesses hail the advent of new customers, and presumably everyone, with the important exception of displaced families and merchants, is happy.

The fact is, however, that rehabilitation rather than clearance will soon assume major proportions in the country's over-all renewal effort. The reasons are clear enough: clearance and rebuilding of *non-slum* areas would be fantastically expensive, on both a national and local level; the relocation of families would generate widescale and unnecessary suffering and hardship; the normal, day-to-day functioning of a city and its neighborhoods would become hopelessly confused; and, no less important, vital, living communities would simply be bulldozed out of existence.

UNFORTUNATELY, the idea of rehabilitation must work against a number of important socio-psychological handicaps. As a people, Americans appear to be firmly committed to new objects, gadgets, and appliances; our fervor is deep and seemingly endless, and by now has developed into a kind of tropism toward the newly created. This fetish cannot help but condition our basic attitudes concerning homes and neighborhoods. We are suspicious of efforts to "make do," and it is precisely the make-do element that is at the heart of housing and neighborhood rehabilitation.

The actualities of our past work against rehabilitation as well. Builders continually sought open, vacant space. In the decades between 1890 and 1920, cities swiftly flowed outward; and many of what now constitute our gray areas were built toward the end of that period. Though at times homes and apartments were repaired and renovated, a conscious, large-scale effort to conserve existing urban housing simply did not form a significant element in the main stream of American community life. If, in 1912, one moved from Williamsburg, Brownsville, or the East Side, he left behind him a worn-out neighborhood; if he moved after the 1930's, likely as not the reason was that large sections of the neighborhoods were already beginning to be torn down and replaced.

The most crucial road block that now thwarts the whole panoply of government agencies, builders, property owners, financial and mortgage-lending groups, local communities, and citizens organizations which must work together in a rehabilitation operation, is a theoretical one. What must happen to a building, a block, or an entire neighborhood so that it is recognizably "different"? In clearance, it is quite possible and almost always exciting to plan for and visualize what will go up after the slums are down and the rubble is cleared. What, however, is the measure of change in a rehabilitated area? How many structural repairs and new or improved facilities are needed to produce even the partial neighborhood change that rehabilitation implies? And—just as important—can this measure be translated into terms clear enough so that officials, planners, landlords, etc., are all talking about the same thing? To date, renewal workers have not been able to answer these questions; and social scientists who have told us much about the process of neighborhood decline, can tell us very little about the process of neighborhood revitalization.

Everyone recognizes that the general tools of rehabilitation are enforcement of housing, health, and zoning codes, structural repairs of neglected buildings, investment by the local government in community facilities; and so forth. But these techniques are hardly enough to provide the framework and details of any particular program. Rehabilitation, having come to mean all things to all people, has taken forms ranging from an attempt at total attitude change to no more than the most superficial paint and patch-up jobs. The specialists in an early Baltimore "pilot program" discovered that to get plumbing fixtures repaired and back yards cleaned, one had to make a frontal assault upon the tastes, habits, and aspirations of the residents. They threw themselves into the unequal fray with a messianic fervor. Today, neither the back yards,

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plumbing, nor the life style of the residents affected by the "pilot program" are essentially different from what they were before the renewal attempt.

No DOUBT an archetype for neighborhood rehabilitation will ultimately evolve from the initial fumbling now taking place. The federal rehabilitation program—under the Federal Housing and Home Finance Agency—already distinguishes between areas which are close to slum status but cannot be cleared for a variety of reasons (and thus should receive a kind of "holding" action treatment that would extend their useful life not much beyond a ten-year period) and other gray areas which are assumed to be susceptible to more long-range revitalization. Yet, though the Agency is channeling money, advice, and a rudimentary form of procedural logic into several attempts at rehabilitation, the potential participants are reacting with extreme caution. We are witnessing in rehabilitation programs a game of *"après vous, Gaston."*

In accordance with Section 220 of the National Housing Act of 1954, the Federal Housing Authority can insure mortgages written for the purpose of rehabilitating structurally sound but aging buildings. Both section 220 and 221 provide much more liberal terms for the financing and re-financing of housing repairs than had heretofore been available to small property owners.*

Yet neither of these mortgage insurance programs has made the slightest headway, and the number of dwelling units affected by FHA 220 and 221 has been distressingly small. It is, of course, an open secret that the FHA has little interest in administering these programs. The agency's propensity to gravitate toward the "sure thing" in residential construction, and to avoid insuring investments made risky by non-white "complications" or by the declining character of the areas, is well known. David M. Walker, retiring as commissioner of the Urban Renewal Administration, has observed that "it may be too much to ask any organization to mix economically sound business with high risk socially oriented business." Walker has called for a separate agency within the FHA to administer the mortgage insurance programs for rehabilitation.

Local governments do what they can, but administrative regulations demand paper work and red tape that create enormous problems. Every step is governed by a manual of procedures which already fills more than three volumes. When one adds to these difficulties the fear of most landlords that the end result of property improvements will only be higher real estate taxes, and the general reluctance of banks, savings and loan associations, and other mortgage lenders to underwrite renewal areas that (as Chester Rapkin, professor of City Planning at the University of Pennsylvania, has put it) "have suffered from a long-term, chronic shortage of municipal investment and from low public maintenance expenditures"—the picture becomes even clearer.

The man most lost in this slow shuffle is the rehabilitation "entrepreneur." He is the man who, theoretically, should recognize the real estate possibilities of one or a number of blocks in a declining area, purchase the aging residential buildings, introduce major structural changes, and either profitably rent or sell the buildings on the open market. The attractive reasoning behind this expectation, as expounded by one of the most successful home modernizers in the United States, goes as follows:

> It costs a minimum of $2,000 to $3,000 per room to construct a new house. It is possible to purchase a used house and modernize it for about $1,000 per room, including cost of purchase and modernization. Furthermore, the modernized old homes are usually in built-up, established neighborhoods with schools and utilities already in and paid for. They are likely to have more and larger rooms, more closets, and greater storage space.

Conditions which presumably offer such first-rate business opportunities have borne little fruit. A series of case studies, recently published by the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods, examined reactions from the rehabilitators themselves to discover the reason. In addition to the already familiar complaints—difficulties in obtaining financing, confusion of governmental policy, a lack of cooperation from local and national agencies with whom they

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* These provisions, up till now applicable for only limited renewal areas, have been incorporated, in a slightly revised version, into the National Housing Act of 1961 and are applicable for all areas of the country.

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must deal, etc.—the studies make clear that the generally low returns on capital invested in rehabilitation projects also acted as a prime deterrent. Only in the very few instances where upper-income renters were actively seeking a town-house effect in the central part of the city did private rehabilitators achieve some notable successes. Foggy Bottom in Washington, D. C., is one example out of very few.

THE EFFORT TO rehabilitate the Clinton Hill section of Newark, now beginning to take shape, mirrors several years of difficult and often frustrating experiences encountered in one form or another by such programs throughout the country. Clinton Hill has been a neighborhood "in transition" for at least the past decade, and much of its former Jewish population has left for the surrounding suburbs. Its typical, closely spaced three-family houses are now occupied predominantly by Negroes; some have become rooming houses and, as a result, population densities have risen sharply.

Long before a rudimentary plan for the neighborhood was developed, the city began to make known its renewal intentions. Landlords and tenants were "alerted" to expect changes. But months stretched into years before the city even decided to apply for federal rehabilitation assistance; it had expected at first to "go it alone." Other delays kept pushing off the start of rehabilitation: the extraordinary requirements of federal paper work caused one; the city's unfamiliarity with what really amounted to pioneer experimentation was another; the population changes in the Clinton area was a third. And only today is Clinton Hill just about ready to begin a major code enforcement program, spot clearance of some dilapidated structures, and a number of public improvements. Yet many of the program's major tests are yet to come.

For example, approximately six hundred landlords and homeowners in the Clinton Hill district, a fourteen-block residential area of the city now being rehabilitated, were interviewed concerning the condition of their property. Investigators used the difference between present conditions and the legal standards established by housing and health codes as a type of measuring device, and assumed that the repairs which would bring the former up to the requirements of the latter would also be sufficient to halt the blighting process. It was found that the average expenditure necessary by a "typical" resident-owner—a man who had two tenants, had lived in the area for at least ten years, and had an annual family income of $5,350—amounted to about $1,850. More than 40 per cent of the owners could not carry such an economic burden. In other words, banks and other mortgage lenders, under conventional mortgage financing procedures, would consider a substantial number of landlords as poor risks. This situation is not unique. A study in the Dixwell area of New Haven presented similar findings.

The possibility that landlords or homeowners could finance the needed repairs out of accumulated savings or by charging higher rents in either Clinton Hill or Dixwell is unlikely. The Dixwell study pointed out that the median income of renter families was $3,400; only 7 per cent earned over $5,000. The average housing expenditure for these families was about $80 a month; thus, an unusually high proportion of income was allocated to rent. Tenants in these areas, like those in most gray areas, could not absorb more than an extremely modest rent rise without endangering their entire budget.

There is one renewal area, however, which might provide the conditions for a successful solution to all these problems—Manhattan's Upper West Side. Because of the unusually desirable locational advantages of that twenty-block area, a "new" market for extensively remodeled brownstone structures is a real possibility. In addition, unlike the conditions of most rehabilitation projects, a sufficient number of residents in and adjacent to the West Side can afford the considerably higher rents that will become inevitable as renewal proceeds.

If we use this example as a touchstone, it is clear that most gray areas cannot possibly match the Upper West Side of New York in the strength of its "natural" resources. Yet this, in short, is the essential problem of rehabilitation: to somehow create these resources for areas in which they are lacking.

ABE GOTTLIEB, *a new contributor, was recently granted an Urban Fellowship with the Urban Studies Center at Rutgers University.*

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Graduate Schools, Graduate Students

To the Editor of Commentary:

Theodore Solotaroff's article on graduate students ["The Graduate Student: A Profile," December 1961] is superbly perceptive and informed within the limits he set for it: the humanities and the social sciences. I am skeptical, however, of his assertion that graduate students in the natural sciences have a relation to their work and private life not very different from humanities students. . . .

In the first place, the graduate student in the sciences today, unlike his less favored colleague in the humanities, is virtually guaranteed a teaching assistantship, a research assistantship, or one of the multitudinous national fellowships. . . . (By the way, a teaching assistantship . . . is recognized as a valuable part of the graduate student's education.) Second, there is the not inconsiderable fact that the typical length of time for getting a Ph.D. in the sciences is much less than in the humanities (3–4 years in chemistry or physics; 6–8 years in English). . . .

But more important and interesting are the contrasting relationships to work. When a student begins graduate work in a field like chemistry, he does not, typically, "work up" broad fields of accumulated learning, represented by hierarchies of courses; he "works under" an admired scientist who immediately becomes, as it were, master to the newly arrived apprentice. Closely related is the fact that the chemistry student's work, almost from the beginning, is . . . actual research carried on with the master and perhaps one or two other faculty members. Such research leads not uncommonly to joint publication in professional journals. . . .

The student in a field like English faces a rather different situation. In the first place he is less likely to choose a department merely in order to work under a distinguished scholar—and wouldn't be allowed to, in the science sense, if he did. . . . The task that confronts the graduate student in English is not that of plunging, under supervision, into actual research, but that of working up fields of accumulated scholarship—as many as six and seven, if foreign languages are counted. . . . It is only after the successful completion of his qualifying examinations that he will be allowed to select a dissertation topic and to begin, for the first time, research in a sense comparable to that done by the chemistry student from the very beginning. Even at this point, however, he will be working under the more impersonal atmosphere of a faculty committee, and very often . . . the dissertation itself will be regarded as more in the nature of a valuable exercise than as research as this is understood by the scientists.

A student in chemistry who made a really important discovery on a highly specialized problem during his first year (and this can happen) would be a long way indeed toward his doctorate. Such a student would live out his residence requirement, would continue his research, supplemented by a few essential courses, but he would be made. On the other hand, a graduate student in English who by miracle (and miracle is the word considering the scholarship that must be mastered and the different values involved) achieved a brilliant "breakthrough" on a problem in the understanding or interpretation of a major literary figure (note that I avoid here the red herring of poem, novel, or play) would be admired, but I doubt that he would be either substantively or psychologically any farther along toward his doctorate than would an English student who had not made such a "breakthrough."

The last thing I have in mind here is invidious contrast. It is also clear, I hope, that I am not making the untenable and irrelevant distinction that C. P. Snow did between "doing science" and humanistic scholarship.

All that I am concerned with here is the consequence to the work life (and possibly to the private life) of the graduate student. . . . Mr. Solotaroff rightly calls attention to the conflict born of the free-roving imagination (often unsure whether it wants to be "scholarly" or "creative") and iron subjection to a discipline in the humanities in which patient mastery of accumulated scholarship is the first requirement. Such a student is more likely, it seems to me, than the chemistry student to feel the pain that

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Mr. Solotaroff notes: the pain arising from the necessity of curbing creative desires while conforming to academic attitudes and methods. . . .

I have said nothing in this about the social sciences. But, being in the social sciences myself, I feel more confused about what is going on here.

ROBERT A. NISBET
Dean
College of Letters and Sciences
University of California
Riverside, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I entirely agree with Mr. Solotaroff's excellent article. Going even a little further beyond the scope of the discussion, I would say that the fact that graduate study has become what it has is a fairly essential part of the power structure of our kind of egalitarian democracy. That is, this is one of the ways that you make sure that poets and people who are able to respond to the significant totalities of situations do not get credentials, and thus neutralize some of the advantages that a man like, say, Henry Adams would otherwise have had. I think this is why European scholarship, under less pressure to define itself as a channel for social mobility, has never been quite like this.

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG
Dept. of Education
Brooklyn College
Brooklyn, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

With six years' work on a Ph.D. in English recently behind me, I found Theodore Solotaroff's analysis of graduate student life almost impeccable. . . . I am sorry, though, that Mr. Solotaroff didn't mention the *Graduate Student of English* which appeared quarterly from 1957 to 1960 and embodied, so far as I know, the only public revolt by graduate students during at least the past decade. . . .

JOHN FRASER
Dalhousie University
Halifax, Canada

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Theodore Solotaroff's article was horrifyingly accurate. I think it is just as true for the student of the natural sciences as for those in the humanities and social sciences; at least, it certainly was an accurate profile of graduate work in psychology, which has a foot in each camp. . . . About the only way I can think of to avoid the worst rigors of graduate school is to go in early and finish before getting married. . . .

STANLEY A. RUDIN
Dept. of Psychology
Georgia Tech
Atlanta, Georgia

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is true, as Theodore Solotaroff claims, that most graduate students end up less passionate than they began, but not for the reasons he gives. It is not the poorly paid teaching or research job that crushes: a future teacher ought to enjoy helping undergraduates, and a future scholar should be glad for the chance to work close to a major one. Nor is it the life of poverty in the graduate student barracks with the pregnant wife (who made her pregnant anyway?). Nor is it even the oppressive professor with his "genteel authoritarianism." It is simply that students discover they have far less to say than they thought they did. . . .

When you are an undergraduate, you are introduced to the great ideas of man, and you are judged—against your peers—by how well you know those ideas, and how you have been affected by them. When you become a graduate student, you must try to produce a great idea yourself, and be judged against the creators of the greatest ideas. That is fast company, and very few can keep up. . . .

EDWARD GROSS
Dept. of Sociology
University of Minnesota
St. Paul, Minnesota

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was impressed with Theodore Solotaroff's "The Graduate Student: A profile." It is accurate, witty, sympathetic. Furthermore, it has the merit of suggesting how naive it is for graduate schools to expect that students produce a "creative piece" of research. In history, for example, graduate students are, for the most part, intelligent, industrious, dutiful toilers; as in any other pursuit, the truly gifted are rare indeed. Thus, to expect creative, original work is to expect what does not exist. Yet the fiction is that everyone reveal towering ability. The result of all this is that his dissertation material and his mind are things they are not. No wonder he is a bit defensive, a bit mocking.

ERHARD K. DORTMUND
Oregon College of Education
Monmouth, Oregon

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To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Solotaroff's piece on the graduate student paints a melancholy picture of the student's life. I think that replies can be made to some of his points, but to make them is (Mr. Solotaroff suggests) to reveal a "vested interest" and to sound like a member of a veterans' organization talking about the merits of army life. . . . I want, however, to ask a question. How can there be good liberal arts colleges (things whose existence Solotaroff emphasizes) with "inspiriting communication" between students and teachers when the teachers in the colleges are the products of the dreary graduate schools?

Sylvan Barnet

Tufts University
Medford, Massachusetts

To the Editor of Commentary:

Most graduate students are self-conscious enough to be anxiously aware of the problems which Mr. Solotaroff sets forth—of conformity and the easy way versus change and danger. . . . Some in their efforts to retain their integrity in a peculiarly demanding situation lead highly interesting, varied, and productive lives. Some view the dead hand of scholasticism as a challenge rather than a danger. Judging from a number of the bright new professors and instructors on the scene, there is a possibility that the urge for new ways of thinking and creativity as well as some of the useful rebellion and ambition of intellectual adolescence may carry over beyond the Ph.D. . . . New blood and the strength of youth sometimes do count for something.

Harlan Lewin

Berkeley, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

Theodore Solotaroff's essay on the graduate student provided rich after-dinner entertainment for a group of graduate students in Cambridge. Solotaroff touched upon the irony of the graduate-school existence both in the seminars and out. I was especially pleased that he described this existence more in terms of its irony than pathos, for the irony is what sustains and enlivens us. This leads me to reflect on humor in the postwar period. How many amusing novels have the university as their setting? And why? This might be a good dissertation topic for a literature student.

The local laundromat is not an ideal spot to prepare for general exams. The swishing of the clothes in the machine seems more interesting than the books which we have brought there to read. The countless distractions! Solotaroff cited many of them. And yet, deep down in our distracted psyches, there is always the hope that the Muses will smile, rather than frown, as we sit watching our clothes washing.

Jonathan Schwartz

Graduate School
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

To the Editor of Commentary:

We were shocked, impressed, distressed, aroused, angered, and overwhelmed by Mr. Solotaroff's "brilliant" and "penetrating" analysis of our graduating schools. His picture of our most promising minds (hog-tied by technique, tongue-tied by jargon, red-eyed, ill-clad, toadies frozen in one or another "academically fashionable stance") bodes ill for our culture. . . . Gone the vision of exhilarated, intoxicated, dedicated scholars blithely, joyfully, rapturously, ecstatically pursuing Truth (they are bent with agony and misery); gone the vision of bold, fearless, hazardous, reckless intellectual adventure (timid forays toward the obvious); graduate school sounds disgustingly like the rest of life. . . .

The important question (one that many . . . graduate students would have tried to answer) Mr. Solotaroff poses in his next to last sentence and then skips around with a lame chuckle.

Arthur Kaledin
(Fleeing Fellow)

Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Solotaroff's pathetic description of life as a married graduate student leaves the reader wondering what point the article is intended to make. . . . If Mr. Solotaroff believes graduate work ought to begin sooner, then he should explore carefully the arguments for making our high schools like the gymnasium or lycée. This would hasten the intellectual maturing which Mr. Solotaroff believes is the happy achievement of the honors student in his final year of college. But it does not follow that this ideal of unfettered intellectual exploration is the proper goal of graduate study. Mr. Solotaroff confuses the undergraduate and graduate demands upon pedagogy. In graduate instruction the teacher has the job of nurturing and extending a tradition of careful intellectual work which the universities in the West have

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assumed is their contribution to civilization. This cannot be realized with methods appropriate to undergraduate work, nor is the test of its success the ability of such rigorous inquiry to interest Mr. Solotaroff. . . .

. . . What can be done to make the training [of future teachers] productive? Mr. Solotaroff has nothing to say about this. . . . It is difficult to see what conclusions the reader is to draw, except that Mr. Solotaroff is bitter about his own experience as a graduate student.

CHARLES H. KAHN
Dept. of Greek & Latin
RICHARD F. KUHNS, JR.
Dept. of Philosophy
Columbia University
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Everything Theodore Solotaroff says about the struggle of the graduate student to find a personal means of expression and, at the same time, to make the necessary accommodations to a system seemingly antithetical to the urgent demands of Self, all without being beaten down and lost, is dismally true.

But it is yet, I submit, a truth that supports and essentially compels the commitment to the moral life . . . a life of difficulty, choice, and sacrifice. And it is a truth which evokes, for those of sufficient talent and courage, possibilities . . . for radical criticism.

What then is more immediately oppressive, more spiritually enervating than the neutrality and the timidity, the stupidity of the academic life, is the prospect of the rectifying changes promoted everywhere. . . . I mean the endeavor to bring that life within . . . the middle-class consciousness, to professionalize and reduce it. . . .

It is often forgotten that the vices of the academic world are (comparatively) its virtues: that passive neutrality is less formidable than active conformity, that timid pedantry offers insufficient opposition to creative daring, and that hide-bound tradition and even stupidity can be factors providing insulation and succor from total exposure to the culture.

Mr. Solotaroff correctly directs his attention toward the abuses of the educative process. . . . But the academic world is still small, still proud, still apart; if that integrity is maintained, those who love what it can be, working within, may still save it.

HUGH WILSON STRAUSS
Columbia University
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Theodore Solotaroff has given us a really excellent picture. It is so much more realistic and honest than most of the theoretical or wishful hash that one reads that in this case, as hardly ever, I'd like to congratulate the author. . . .

J. P. ELDER
Dean
Graduate School of Arts and Sciences
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

If your magazine is inclined to perform charitable acts, it should rent a helicopter and drop reprints of the Solotaroff article over the center of New Haven, over Cambridge, Princeton, and New York around Broadway and 116th Street. Anyway, I should like to have a few copies of the article to disseminate among the "underground."

STEPHEN M. SIMPSON
Hamden, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Solotaroff plays a shade more openly into the hands of disciplinarian academics than he might have done. Discovering and assessing what others have written, even on narrow subjects, may or may not be stimulating (often it is), but it does introduce the B.A. to the truth that men besides himself have had bright thoughts and have tried to validate them. And while some figures of great quality can be discouraged by news that another mind exists, it is a question whether such figures function best in the classroom. Again: Mr. Solotaroff makes too little of recent changes in the economic situation of graduate students. The new man in graduate school arrives nowadays bearing a lighter burden of family responsibilities than that of the World War II veteran, and often he holds from the beginning a more generous fellowship than any heard of in the late 1940's. Both these reservations can be overstated, of course. . . .

What is of greater interest than these points is a matter Mr. Solotaroff glances at but finally passes over, in accounting for the neutral style of the finished Ph.D. He is perhaps right to emphasize that this style is a consequence of nervousness about future jobs and immersion in relatively trivial doctoral research. But its background *is* complicated. The case is that the great universities of the country have increasingly become golden islands surrounded by muck, castles that draw off . . . a troublingly high percent-

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age of the decent, liberal, humane, and well-spoken people of the country. . . .

We have, to be sure, the cliché about the ivory tower, but the phrase itself is hardly a satisfactory guide to the psychology of the tower-bound. Often the young man who leaves the university after loving its air conceives his prime task to be simply that of recreating his "group" under less favorable (but not quite hopeless) circumstances. His obligation to society appears to him to involve only the arrangement, as it were, of a Bloomsbury away from Bloomsbury. To speak negatively about such hopes is to imply that groups of cultivated men and women who enjoy civilized life are enemies of the state—which is absurd. Such groups can be humanizing influences both upon a student body and upon the community around an institution. Their force, though, is indirect, oblique, accidental. More important, the teacher who belongs to one may end by placing it, rather than the labor of contention against ignorance and brutality, at the center of his life, and thereby lose sight of the very goals of teaching itself. The university suggested to him the possibility of gathering enough reasonable human beings to establish a virtually self-sustaining society; the graduate student become department chairman may act on the suggestion by setting no higher aim than that of contriving a "pleasant local community." Nor does the university . . . discourage action of this kind. Much too common now is the university letter of reference which, after celebrating some Ph.D. candidate prepared at last for honest work, adds sniffishly: "Of course he is no burning intellectual, but he is a thoroughly pleasant person." . . .

Mr. Solotaroff, in a characterization notable for honesty and for its sense of contradictions, establishes that graduate school poverty and cramping research narrow the potential range of influence of the young teacher. It is worth adding, to fill out the account of contrariety, that elegance, politesse, and a sense of the world as in need of no immediate transformation may (in a graduate school context) have . . . the same effect.

BENJAMIN DEMOTT
Amherst College
Amherst, Massachusetts

Jewish Living

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Eugene B. Borowitz, in his answer to the crucial questions raised by Sidney Morgenbesser ["Letters to the Editor," November 1961], asserts that "Judaism considers theology *agada* and not *halacha*." It seems to me, however, that one of the questions Borowitz fails to answer (the question that is the most important for the youngest generation of Jewish intellectuals) is that of the relationship between the acceptance of this Covenant and the Jewish life one is to lead. And I know of no more halachic question than this. Further, all the effects of Covenant theology, as Borowitz sees them, are largely in terms of action in the largest sense of the word. I do not deny the importance of the agadic quality of contemporary Jewish theology, but I feel that if the halachic is not considered, the theologian fails to answer a uniquely Jewish question.

What is the nature of this Covenant between God and the people Israel? Further, what is the bearing of this nature on the acceptance of the *mitzvot* as presented in the fruit of the Covenant, Torah? If there is any unique question that the Jewish theologian must answer, it is that of *halacha,* and the root of this problem lies in one's conception of the Covenant, including both its spirit and its fruit. Is the Sinai-event central to one's system, and if so, is the Torah "given" at Sinai binding on the Covenant folk?

Another problem intimately related to the above is the relational nature of Borowitz's Covenant. If the relationship between God and the people Israel is relational, in the sense of Buber's I-Thou relation, how is it that the fruit of this Covenant is a prescribed response? If relational implies a unique entering-in of both partners of the relation (for even Buber's cat responds in his "individuality"), how can this be reconciled with the *mitzvot,* which are anything but unique expressions of the individual? All of this, of course, rests on the proposition that there is in Judaism some source for the *mitzvot* Borowitz speaks of. Thus, it rests upon the answer to the above question about Sinai.

MARSHALL J. COHEN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

RABBI BOROWITZ *writes:*

It seems to me Mr. Cohen raises the right questions about Judaism for our day, and I am thus encouraged to believe that my discussion of Covenant theology, even if it does not provide proper answers, may bring us to clarify the questions about Jewish meaning and Jewish living.

To say that Jewish theology is in the realm of *agada* is not to say that it is untrue or

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without halachic significance. It is only to assert that Judaism believes that the kind of truth sought for in theological discussions can be expressed only in a special symbolic way, namely, in the agadic style. But the importance of the *agada* in Judaism is that it allows the Jew to search for and find ever more adequate expressions of religious truth. . . . In our day, it seems to me, the effort to re-establish the *halacha* must begin with re-establishing its foundations in religious truth, and this is an agadic task.

The Covenant at Sinai is more act than symbol to the traditionalist as against the modernist. The traditionalist cannot accept Buber's personalist formulation of Covenant relationship. But he will nonetheless find the relationship between people and God expressed in a given act which took place at a given time in a given place. Covenant theology provides him with the intellectual context for understanding and explicating this unique historical event.

Buber's individualism—as against Rosenzweig's—corresponds to the position taken independently by many thinkers in Reform Judaism. This position contains an interesting paradox which apparently Buber himself seems reluctant to face. He affirms that Covenant is given to the community yet insists that commandment can only be personal. Still, he seems unwilling to raise the question of what can be given to the individual who accepts his individuality as a member of this community. This is the area which some of the thinkers I discussed ["Crisis Theology and the Jewish Community," July 1961] are exploring to find a theology of *mitzvah* for the liberal Jew, even as this explanation can supply such a pattern for the traditional Jew.

Love, Birds, Bergman

To the Editor of Commentary:

Congratulations on Harris Dienstfrey's most searching analysis of Ingmar Bergman ["The Success of Ingmar Bergman," November 1961]; I think he is exactly right. Not that there is anything especially American about the insistence on love as a panacea. There Bergman is in the main tradition of the middlebrow in all countries. Shaw had much to say about it seventy years ago.

I think Bergman's starting point, in art, is Ibsen and Strindberg. Though I haven't read the book of psychology he mentions, I'd say there is nothing in the analysis of modern life-in-death that is not to be found in the two greatest Scandinavian writers. Strindberg for that matter sometimes tried to believe in Love as Panacea: but the big point is that he failed. Ibsen could accept the idea only when love had a larger definition, as in *Lady from the Sea*—and even that is not one of his greatest plays.

Eric Bentley

Columbia University
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Dienstfrey has been reading his *Cahiers du Cinema* to judge from the sudden invocation of Nicholas Ray, all well and good; but, of course, it is either Irving *Lerner* or *Irvin* Kershner. Or are we to understand, as the article in general seems to suggest, that, in Commentary, you *can* have it both ways?

William S. Pechter

San Francisco, California

To the Editor of Commentary:

Harris Dienstfrey wrote an instructive article on Ingmar Bergman. But surely he has mistaken the identity of the bird in the awful first minutes of *The Seventh Seal?* Gulls have a reputation for stupidity, but Bergman's bird was a hawk. Anyone who has watched a buzzard will have been impressed with the grandeur, the relentlessness, the grace and dispatch with which Death transacts his business—a point upon which Bergman expatiates in the film.

William H. James

Halifax, Canada

Eichmann's Victims

To the Editor of Commentary:

I read Elie Wiesel's article ["Eichmann's Victims and the Unheard Testimony," December 1961] with a mingled sense of fascination and uneasiness. Like so many psychological and metaphysical analyses which have recently appeared on the Jewish massacre in Europe, the article tends to break down the distinctions between criminal, victim, and onlooker upon which the practice of jurisprudence is necessarily based. . . . It shifts part of the responsibility, if not the actual guilt, from the criminal to the victim, by pointing out the passivity and lack of sufficient defiance with which the victim manipulated his own tragedy: had he resisted his enemy, he might have postponed, if not avoided, his doom.

Insofar as Mr. Wiesel demonstrates the potential strength with which people may face the tragic, his insights are, no doubt,

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useful and dignified. But I believe that Mr. Wiesel does not pay sufficient regard to the reality of political power. . . . Before a group can resist another, it must possess some kind of political mechanism—an army, a territory, a parliament. . . . Where a group like European Jewry, possessing nothing but its religious and ethnic similiarities in common, lives essentially in a political vacuum—deprived of land, army, and parliament—it does not simply succumb physically to its oppressor. It cannot even begin, I believe, to conceptualize or articulate ideas of resistance in its own mind. To me, the rebellion of the Warsaw Ghetto remains not a spontaneous reaction to oppression, but a truly superhuman . . . accomplishment of courage and imagination.

I cannot help but feel that many of the analyses pointing out the complicity of the victim in his own fate really deny the reality of evil in this world. . . .

By shifting the origins of the crime from an external to an internal source, one has mitigated the awful reality of the evil to which the human community is from time to time prey; one has made its nature less terrifying, less real, less inevitable.

The trial of Eichmann—as indeed the trial of any criminal—must necessarily be based, I believe, on the reality of evil, emanating not from an internal but an external source, making itself triumphant at a particular historical moment, and implying, for its very definition, the conventional distinction between the categories of criminal, onlooker, and victim. To destroy this distinction. . . is to destroy the premises upon which any trial can realistically function.

ELIE FLATTO

New York City

To THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Elie Wiesel's article is as true as either Job or the *Oresteia* is true; yet, he too (along with Bettelheim) poses the rhetorical question: why did they not revolt? . . .

The Jews of Europe were not organized politically. . . . They did not possess weapons, nor were they trained in the arts of violence. . . .

ROBERT MELSON

Cambridge, Massachusetts

To THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I cannot be eloquent enough concerning Elie Wiesel's article. I know it must contain the feelings of millions. . . .

(MRS.) M. ZUCKERMAN

New York City

To THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Elie Wiesel's article about Eichmann's victims was a masterpiece of thoughtful, almost detached analysis. It should have been written years ago.

What it did not describe was the reaction of the world after the conquest of Germany revealed the full extent of the holocaust. The impact of this knowledge was neutralized by the sense of relief that the war was over. The Eichmann trial did not change the situation a bit.

. . . Not a single American or other rabbi went to Germany to stand by the survivors of the concentration camps. Six million dead were only good enough to serve as propaganda for the collection of funds. . . .

ARNO HERZBERG

Newark, New Jersey

To THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I take strong exception to Elie Wiesel's blanket condemnation of Ukrainians, Slovaks, Poles, etc., for complicity in the extermination of the Jews. . . . According to the late Philip Friedman, an authority on the subject, there were many East Europeans who risked (and gave) their lives to protect their Jewish neighbors. . . .

Mr. Wiesel tells us that . . . the only reason . . . the "Final Solution" was more successful in Eastern Europe than in Western Europe was the attitude of the East European peoples. I submit that two other factors were at least as important:

(1) Living conditions created by the war and the German occupation were worse in the East than in the West. . . . In many places, the Gentile population was hardly better off than the Jews. Under these circumstances, the effort needed to keep oneself alive from day to day often precluded the possibility of trying to save someone else. Denmark, on the other hand, was the least oppressed of all the occupied countries.

(2) The Jewish population was much larger in the East than in the West. Does Mr. Wiesel believe that the entire Jewish population of Denmark could have been saved if it had consisted of a million or more people?

Of course it was no accident that the major death camps were located in Poland. That is where most of the Jews were located. The Nazis were not inclined to waste their transportation facilities. Besides, millions of Slavic people were also killed by the Nazis in these camps.

EUGENE SANJOUR

Brooklyn, New York

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Reporting Russian History

To the Editor of Commentary:

R. H. S. Crossman's snide remarks about my book, *The Red Phoenix,* in your December issue ["Reading Khrushchev's Mind"], prompt me to request space for the following brief comments:

He charges that my first and last chapters "read like lectures given to children" and then quotes my last chapter briefly to convict me of "uncritical pessimsim" and even "extravagant pessimism."

But then after pronouncing this indictment, Mr. Crossman promptly turns around, declares "it is obvious by now why the world balance of power is shifting so rapidly in favor of the East" and explains it is because of "the power of the totalitarian ruler to fix his priorities and to hold back consumption." What baffles me is that Mr. Crossman has here himself expressed precisely the same judgment on the balance of power that I did, though without giving the qualifications that I have.

In fact the paragraph in which these Crossman views are presented sounds very much like a partial summary of the last three paragraphs of my book. Who then is the uncritical pessimist and the writer of children's lectures?

Mr. Crossman's criticism of the body of my book rests on his misconception that I was trying "to prove that good journalism can, in process of time, become good history" because I reprinted a *selection* of my New York *Times* articles without essential change. Basing himself on this misconception, Mr. Crossman missed the point of—and completely neglected the opportunity suggested by—my statement that my book's readers and critics could "judge how accurately or inaccurately this observer has reported and interpreted the Soviet scene." And I would suggest that by the Crossman definition any present attempt at writing recent Soviet history must be a species of journalism since "it is only valuable as a record of what was known and thought on the day it was written."

The recent additions to our knowledge of earlier Soviet history resulting from the 22nd Soviet Communist Party Congress merely emphasized the common plight today of the journalist and the historian who would deal accurately with the history of the Soviet Union since World War II.

Harry Schwartz
Scarsdale, New York

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NAZI BUREAUCRATS AND JEWISH LEADERS*

H. R. Trevor-Roper

THIS IS A forbidding book. It is nearly 800 pages long. The pages are double-columned. It has nearly a hundred statistical tables. It is written in an austere style, without literary grace or emotion. And it deals with a subject of which, this year, we have already heard a great deal. I hardly thought, on taking it up, that I should be unable to put it down: that having postponed the reading of it till a time of leisure, I should then have read it through, almost without interruption, and quite without skipping, to the end. For this is not merely a compilation or a recapitulation of the now documented facts. It is not yet another chronicle of horrors. It is a careful, analytic, three-dimensional study of a social and political experience unique in history: an experience which no one could believe possible till it had happened and whose real significance still bewilders us. Superficial minds may be satisfied by superficial explanations; the partisans and the apologists may exchange their well-worn arguments or rationalizations; but still it must perplex any thinking person that one of the most highly civilized countries of Europe, in the full light and freedom of the 20th century, should, without protest and without hitch, deliberately and scientifically murder millions of people against whom nothing could be proved except the religion of their grandparents; and that it should do this in full knowledge of the cost which it must entail, not only to its own national psychology but also, even more obviously, to its own economy and its own war potential in the midst of a desperate war.

The Germans themselves have a simple explanation. These atrocities, they tell us, were exclusively the work of the Nazi party and, within that party, of a few men whom all now conveniently disown. At the time no one else knew, or could know. Rigorous means were adopted to insure secrecy, and the revelation of those secrets, after 1945, was a terrible shock to the entire German people.

However one may seek to excuse the Germans, no rational man can accept this argument. It is perfectly true that the policy of destroying the European Jews, and the will which carried that policy through, was Hitler's. Without Hitler, the holocaust would not have happened. It is also true that the details of the extermination camps (though not of the mass shootings by the *Einsatzkommandos*) were shrouded, as far as possible, in secrecy. An elaborate myth was spread that the European Jews were merely being transported to "the East" and "resettled" there; and extraordinary, costly refinements were devised in order to keep up this pretense. For instance, as Mr. Hilberg shows, the whole institution of the concentration camp at Theresienstadt, which involved a huge administrative upheaval, was simply a device to give plausibility to the myth of "resettlement." But the fact remains that by the summer of 1942, only six months after the organization of the "Final Solution," the general fact—that European Jewry was being deported to the East for mass annihilation in gas chambers—was well known. The whole of Poland, and all the Germans stationed there, knew it. The German Army knew it: while ostentatiously looking the other way, it supplied men, material, and encouragement for so useful a job. The German Foreign Office knew it and —behind the habitual euphemisms—actively forwarded the work. So did the Finance Ministry, which handled the spoils, and the business corporations, which used the labor

* A review of *The Destruction of the European Jews* by Raul Hilberg (Quadrangle Books, 788 pp., $17.50).

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and the waste products (and incidentally acquired an SS mentality in the process). All these bodies, by their complicity, not only assisted the program: they also gave it its peculiar bureaucratic, military, economic character. By 1942, it is perfectly clear, any German who asked himself certain questions knew what the answer must be. Therefore those questions were not asked. The anodyne formulas were used, the grave conferences were held, the minutes and orders were signed, and, with the unavowed complicity of the whole nation, the unmentioned, unmentionable work went on. For five million men cannot be scientifically and secretly detached from the community, transported, murdered, and destroyed without trace, by a small professional group only. The mere technical process requires national involvement. So does the psychological process without which such a technical process cannot be carried out.

The great interest of Mr. Hilberg's book is that he has faced this total problem. He is not content to chronicle or to exclaim. While keeping to a narrative form, he has studied the social problem analytically: his narrative carries along with it a profound social content. That is why I call it "three-dimensional." It reveals, methodically, fully, and clearly, the development of both the technical and the psychological process; the machinery and the mentality whereby one whole society sought to isolate and destroy another which, for centuries, had lived in its midst.

ESSENTIALLY, THE PROCESS began with a reversal. In the century before Hitler the Jews of Western Europe had been gradually assimilated. From being a separate group they had become part of the native society. This change was not merely factual: it was legal. But from the moment of Hitler's accession to power, the German bureaucracy, hardly waiting for the politicians to command it, began a systematic reversal of the law. The first step was to define the Jews; for it is impossible (as the earlier German anti-Semites had admitted) to strike at a social group until one knows exactly who belongs to that group. The officials of the Ministry of the Interior gradually worked out a definition. Then the persons defined as Jews had to be detached from the machinery which would be used against them: otherwise it could not be used effectively. So that machinery, the bureaucracy itself, hastened to purge itself. Then came expropriation. The destined victims, cut off from the sources of power, were systematically impoverished. At this point the German business world joined hands with the bureaucracy. First "voluntary," then forcible "Aryanization," followed by penal taxation, transferred the wealth and economic power of the Jews to the German banks, German big business, and the German Finance Ministry. Having been deprived by these processes of the means of resistance, the Jews were next physically segregated and concentrated. Drawn into the cities by the logic of events, they were forced, by legal and economic pressure, into real or notional ghettos. Marked with new names, labeled with yellow stars, they were subjected to separate regulation and to an internal administration of their own, charged to enforce it. Thus isolated, thus exposed, the victims awaited their fate. As far as the rest of German society was concerned they could, if a place of reception could be found, be deported. They could equally, if no such place was available, be liquidated.

In all this process undoubtedly it was the Nazi party which gave the signal but it was the German bureaucracy in the widest sense —that is, not only the civil servants but the army and the business world—which made it possible. Again and again Mr. Hilberg makes this clear. Between party and bureaucracy there were occasional differences. They differed, for instance, in their attitude to *Mischlinge,* half-Jews. But in general they worked hand-in-glove, and often it was the bureaucracy which was the driving force. The main difference was in method. The bureaucracy did not like *Einzelaktionen* —violent outbreaks, pogroms, spectacular (and costly) episodes like the famous *Kristallnacht* of November 1938. It wanted persecution to be systematic, orderly, official, following a recognizable, predictable, well-considered procedure. Once that bureaucratic procedure had been devised, agreement was complete and the party became, in a sense, a part of it. Once the persecution had turned to mass murder, the bureaucracy was relieved to know that there was a "department" responsible for the last, most dis-

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agreeable stages. So the SS *Einsatzkommandos* in Russia found that their work was "surprisingly welcome" to the army, which positively urged them on to dispatch this work quickly. They were even approached by army officers with additional requests: could they not, while they were about it, clean out some billets for the troops by murdering a few thousand Poles or Russians, or relieve the pressure by disposing of invalid Soviet prisoners of war? The eagerness with which the bureaucracy made use of the SS for their common purpose is well-illustrated by the action of the Minister of Justice who, in September 1942—i.e. after the Final Solution had been launched—spontaneously renounced his criminal jurisdiction over Poles, Russians, Jews, and Gypsies to Himmler. "In doing so," he explained, "I stand on the principle that the administration of justice can make only a small contribution to the extermination of these peoples."

With minor differences, the same method which had proved effective in Germany was applied throughout continental Europe. Here the army, there the Foreign Office made it possible. In 1941, when the decision was taken to liquidate instead of merely to deport the Jews, the basic machinery did not change. Nor did the attitude of those who manned it. The same respectable officials—a Weizsäcker, a Steengracht—passed on the orders, signed the minutes, negotiated the surrenders, refused to hear the protests. It was a dirty business, everyone agreed—even the SS agreed to that. But those anodyne phrases prevented a brutal confrontation with the facts; it was bad form—contrary to the German "inborn gift of tactfulness"—to discuss the details; and anyway everyone was involved in it. The involvement was deliberate: it was a form of self-defense. And once a man was involved, there was the justification. To critics, one could plead superior orders (though often such orders were solicited rather than imposed); to one's self, one could plead the infinitesimal personal share in a vast national act; and anyway that act, it was dogmatically declared, was necessary: a bitter necessity, which later generations might not appreciate (therefore the evidence must be concealed), but which the present generation did not doubt.

Here indeed we come to the central problem. For one thing which emerges clearly from Mr. Hilberg's study is that the Germans persuaded themselves that the extermination of the Jews was a necessity. Those who positively organized the extermination saw themselves as idealists, and they were anxious that this idealism, which enabled them to carry out a hideous task, should not be sullied by sadism or corruption. They must show that their action was materially and psychologically disinterested. "To have gone through this," Himmler told his subordinates, "and—apart from a few exceptions caused by human weakness—to have remained decent, that has made us great. That is a page of glory in our history which has never been written and which is never to be written." There can be no doubt that this belief was genuinely held. To German society the Jews were vermin; vermin in human shape, which made their destruction embarrassing, but still vermin, which had to be destroyed; and appropriately they were destroyed by "Zyklon B," a gas manufactured for the destruction of vermin.

THIS REAL CONVICTION of necessity is shown most clearly by the cost which was accepted. The gigantic machinery of destruction depended on a railway system which lay astride the essential communications of the Wehrmacht fighting a desperate war in the East. The destruction itself, both directly and indirectly, deprived the German economy of essential manpower, both Jewish and German, at a time of acute shortage. The financial balance sheet of extermination (unlike that of the preceding stages) showed a heavy financial loss. If Hitler's defeat in the war of 1939–1945 was, like the battle of Waterloo, a "damned close-run thing," who can tell whether the diversion of effort into his war of extermination against the Jews did not make all the difference? And yet that second, internal war was never subordinated to the international war. If the destruction of the Jews damaged the war economy, then, said the bureaucrats again and again, the war economy must go hang: "Economic questions should not be considered in the solution of the Jewish question." Whether the major war were won or lost, the minor war *must* be won. The Jews must be destroyed, and destroyed now—for the opportunity would never recur. The fate of the Hungarian Jews vividly illustrates this sense

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of urgency. By 1944 the German bureaucracy knew that the general war was lost. But there was still a battle to fight in the particular war. Though all the other Jews of Europe had been sacrificed, the Jews of Hungary, thanks to Horthy and Kallay, were still intact. So, before going down, the Germans were determined not to allow the Jews of Hungary to escape. They did not escape. Eichmann's last and greatest triumph was to bring the Hungarian Jews to slaughter just in time, before the Third Reich finally foundered.

How are we to explain this passionate belief in the necessity of a "Final Solution": a belief which was held, with more or less intensity, throughout German society? No other society showed any comparable feeling, even under German prompting. The Rumanians were violent—more violent than the Germans—but spasmodic. Their anti-Semitism consisted of fierce, sadistic *Einzelaktionen,* not systematic "humane" destruction. The other satellites merely responded to German pressure or to the prospect of German victory. In the West all societies resisted, as far as they could, the German demands. The Italians, as long as Italy was an allied, not an occupied power, would do nothing. Mussolini might give orders, but the Italian bureaucracy evaded, obstructed, postponed, as the German bureaucracy could have done, had it wished, and the Jews were safer under Italian rule than anywhere else in Axis Europe. But "unlike their collaborators, the Germans," says Mr. Hilberg, "never did the minimum. They always did the maximum." Why they did so he does not say in this book (he will, it seems, in another). He merely points out that the destructive process, once launched, drew all German society into participation in it, and then itself gathered momentum so that, in the end, even all European Jewry was not enough to feed it. "As the machine was thrown into high gear, and as the process accelerated toward its goal, German hostility became more generalized. The Jewish target became too narrow. More targets had to be added." So the Gypsies, the Poles, the "asocials" were also carefully catalogued and marked down for destruction. "This development," Mr. Hilberg says, "is of the utmost importance, for it casts a revealing light upon the perpetrators' fundamental aim." Elsewhere he refers to "the enormous extent of latent destructiveness in German society." Nazism was truly, as Rauschning called it, "the Revolution of Destruction"; but the destruction had deeper roots than the Nazi formulation of it.

BUT EVEN IF WE accept this, it is not the end of the problem. For there are always two parties to destruction: the destroyers and the destroyed. During the Eichmann trial in Israel a question constantly asked by younger Israelis was: But why was there no resistance? After all, the Jews were not a few scattered people, easily rounded up by overwhelming force. They were numerous and intelligent. They far outnumbered their captors and their guards. They were millions, rounded up and slaughtered by thousands. At Auschwitz the ratio of prisoners to guards varied from 20 to 1 to 35 to 1. And yet they went like sheep to the slaughter. The Germans themselves, who have long staggered the world by their ovine docility, were amazed. The Jews meekly accepted every successive order which rendered them impotent, they queued up for the deportation trains, they dutifully dug their graves and knelt down to be shot and tumble into them, they filed into the gas chambers. Resistance was negligible, German casualities almost nil. The last-minute resistance of the Warsaw Ghetto was a heroic exception. It was also the exception which proves the rule: for it was carried out by a revolution inside the Jewish community. Had the Jewish community preserved its old internal organization, the Warsaw Ghetto would have been evacuated as easily, and its members gassed as quietly, as all the other ghettos of Poland.

For when the Germans had done their worst, we cannot escape the fact that the Jews of Europe, obedient to their leaders and to their own habits of mind, collaborated in their own destruction. Again and again this fact emerges from Mr. Hilberg's narrative. It is his most surprising revelation, and it will probably be the least welcome to his readers. But it is inescapable. For two thousand years, as he says, the Jews had been unlearning the habit of resistance, and in the end they could not, without a revolution, recover it. For two thousand

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years they had believed that by yielding and compromise they would survive the spasmodic pogroms and expulsions which were their fate. Their habits, their institutions, their responses were conditioned by that belief. And so, in the end, they yielded and compromised even with a society which was resolved that they should not survive, whose persecution was not spasmodic but systematic, sustained, final. Like others, the Jews discovered too late that Hitler could not be appeased; that he did not merely (as historians now tell us) "talk for effect"; that when he said that the Jews would be "exterminated," he meant it; and that there was no "Other Germany."

THE PATTERN of Jewish "appeasement" was the same everywhere. Everywhere the Germans insisted, as part of the program of isolation, that the Jews should develop an internal administration of their own, a *Judenrat* of Jewish officials who should transmit German orders and act as representatives of the Jewish community in its relations with the German government. The process began with the German Jews. By 1933 they had a centralized representative body, their *Reichsvertretung* (afterwards *Reichsvereinigung*). In 1939 "the *Reichsvertretung* was taken over, lock, stock, and barrel, by the Security Police, and it was converted into something that its founders had not imagined in their wildest dreams." It was turned, in fact, "into a tool for the destruction of the Jews . . . an integral part of the machinery of destruction." Thanks to it the Germans were able to acquire statistics, prepare lists, give orders, secure obedience. Without it, the systematic destruction of the German Jews would have been administratively impossible. And these Jewish bodies, we are reminded, "were *not* puppets picked by the Germans to control the more unruly elements of the Jewish population. The Germans had not created the *Reichsvereinigung;* they had taken it over. The Germans had not deposed or installed any Jewish leaders. Rabbi Leo Baeck, Director Stahl, Dr. Hirsch, and all the others *were* the Jewish leaders. The Germans controlled the Jewish leadership, and that leadership, in turn, controlled the Jewish community. The system was foolproof."

Nor was it only the German Jews who walked into the trap. We cannot ascribe it to German docility. The same "foolproof" system was applied elsewhere. In September 1939, Heydrich, the man charged with the killing of the Jews, directed that every Jewish community should set up a *Judenrat* to be responsible for carrying out German orders. It was done. In the Polish ghettos the Jewish leaders became, by German favor, a privileged oligarchy. Rabbis in Russia obediently collected Jews for the German *Einsatzkommandos.* The director of the Vienna Jews procured for the Germans lists which assisted in the otherwise impossible task of selecting those to be deported to "the East." Without the assistance of the Jewish ghetto police, the Gestapo would have been helpless in Warsaw. When the Germans occupied Rome, the chief of the Jewish community there ordered that the community files be surrendered to the Fascist authorities on demand. In Salonika the Jewish community leader believed in "unquestioning compliance" and used his authority to persuade the Jews that they were simply going to a comfortable new life in Poland. The whole of Salonika Jewry—some 50,000 persons—was thus quietly and systematically uprooted and exterminated. The incredible feat of Eichmann in persuading Hungarian Jewry, even in 1944, that deportation, this time, did not mean death, was achieved through the equally incredible docility of the *Judenrat.* Always the argument was the same: compliance was the old, tried method, it had served Jewish interests in the past, surely it would serve them now. It might mean some loss, but at least it would preserve a residue for the future. "I will not be afraid," said the president of the Eastern Upper Silesian Jews, "to sacrifice 50,000 of our community in order to save the other 50,000." But he did not save the other 50,000. The process was repeated until none were left. "With a hundred victims," said the chief of the Vilna *Judenrat,* "I save a thousand. With a thousand I save ten thousand." But he did not. Having handed over for execution the man who preached resistance, the Vilna Ghetto was duly exterminated. The same argument was used in Warsaw. The Ghetto Jews agreed that the Germans might deport 60,000 people but not all 380,000:

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that was "inconceivable." So they let 60,000 go, and then more, and more. By the time an internal revolution snatched control from the *Judenrat* and declared a policy of resistance, the Ghetto had been reduced from 380,000 to 70,000. Fifty SS men, with 400 Lettish and Ukrainian guards had carried off 310,000 Jews "like sheep to the slaughter."

It is easy to blame the *Judenräte,* but the *Judenräte* were not unrepresentative. As Mr. Hilberg says, they "*were* the Jewish leaders." All his evidence shows that, in their compliance, they accurately represented their followers. Compliance was the mentality of the Dispersion. It was the dogma of the German anti-Semites that the Jews were a highly organized body resolved to rule the world. When all was over, one of Himmler's highest officers, who had spent five years killing Jews, confessed the facts. "I am the only living witness," he declared, "but I must say the truth. Contrary to the opinion of the National Socialists that the Jews were a highly organized group, the appalling fact was that they had no organization whatsoever. . . . Never has a people gone as unsuspectingly to its disaster." Even at the end (as the Hungarian episode shows) they did not wait to be deceived. They deceived themselves. Like the Germans, who did not wish to admit that, as a nation, they were murdering, the Jews did not wish to admit that, as a nation, they were being murdered. "In the minutes of the Vienna Jewish war invalids' conferences," says Mr. Hilberg, "we discover the same significant absence of direct references to death and killing centers that we have already noted in German correspondence. The Jewish documents abound with such roundabout expressions as 'favored transport' (meaning Theresienstadt transport), 'I see black,' 'to tempt fate,' 'final act of the drama,' etc. The direct word is lacking." Even in the extermination camps themselves, euphemisms were habitual. "A crematory was called a 'bakery'; a man who could no longer work—and who was therefore destined for the gas chamber—was designated a 'Moslem'; and the depot holding the belongings of the gassed was named 'Canada.' These, it must be emphasized, are not Nazi terms; they are expressions by the victims. They are the counterparts of the Nazi vocabulary and, like the German euphemisms, they were designed to blot out visions of death."

It is against this background that the revolt of the Warsaw Ghetto is so significant. Futile though it proved to be, it was, in Jewish history, "literally a revolution; for after two-thousand years of a policy of submission the wheel had been turned and once again Jews were using force." Moreover, we may add, it is a revolution which has continued. Today, as never before since the days of Bar Kochba, there are two Jewries: the Jewry of the Dispersion, continuing the inveterate traditions of the Dispersion, and the Jewry of Israel, resuming, after a long interruption, the traditions of military, nationalist resistance. This division, like Israel itself, was born out of the Nazi period, and in this year it has revealed itself, appropriately, in the division of opinion over the trial of Eichmann. Once again, the Jews of the Dispersion urge compliance, compromise, oblivion. But the Jews of Israel, the activist heirs of the Warsaw rebels, hold a different view. They go back to Bar Kochba, or to those Zealots of Judea who, as Mr. Hilberg notes, were fighting their Roman conquerors when the "dispersed" Jews of Alexandria "had already unlearned the art of revolt." Not the least of the contributions which Mr. Hilberg has made to history and sociology in this impressive work is his illumination of this great gulf between those who continued and those who sought to reverse a long-successful but, in its latest and perhaps unique encounter with the German bureaucracy, ultimately disastrous tradition.

AFTER COLONIALISM

AFRICA: THE POLITICS OF INDEPENDENCE. By IMMANUEL WALLERSTEIN. *Vintage Books. 173 pp. $1.25.*

Reviewed by WALTER SCHWARZ

"THEY MAKE THINGS far more complicated than they are," complained an Ambassador from one of the more militant African nations recently; he was speaking of both the West and the East. "They talk about aid and trade, but all the time they are thinking about power blocs and influence and hidden

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plots. What we want is to develop our country with the friendship of everyone. When hundreds of millions of dollars are spent on trial rockets that fall into the sea while there are people in my country going hungry, it baffles us." The Ambassador was referring to the disturbing gap today between the mental climate of African politics and the politics of the "established" world, both West and East. While the Western observer thinks in terms of cold war alignments or of the erosion of democracy among the new states, the African politician or official is often on an entirely different wave-length. If he belongs to one of the radical countries which have broken away administratively and economically from the colonial pattern, he is likely to be concerned with the continued political and economic cohesion of his country rather than with the form of its government. And to whatever group he belongs, as an African he is probably more preoccupied with continually reasserting and proving his independence than with many a weightier and more tangible issue.

To be at ease in the mental climates of African and "established" worlds requires not only agility but a profound knowledge of what African intellectuals are beginning to call "the African situation." To have such knowledge, and to be able as well to write about it intelligibly, is a rare combination of virtues. Mr. Wallerstein here shows beyond doubt that he possesses it. His ability to write is especially delightful because he is a member of a species normally given over to ponderous jargon and afflicted with a tendency to reduce every issue to a diagram: he is a sociologist. He has attempted no less than an interpretation of African politics in 167 pages. That he succeeds is due to a firm grasp of the background and the issues.

He begins, as he must, by wiping away the cobwebs of the old-fashioned idea that Africa had no history before the European arrival. He is inconclusive on certain key specifics of this subject. He doesn't commit himself on whether Negro civilization was Egyptian in origin, or whether the Egyptians were in fact Negro in origin. But this irresolution is not Wallerstein's fault. However crucial the question of origins is for resolving the deeper matters of racial *amour propre*, it is a symptom of the intellectual myopia of the colonial period that the question has been neglected so long that a definite answer is not yet possible. What can be said, and what Wallerstein insists on, is that before the Europeans came Africa "was neither anarchy nor barbarism, nor unchanged and unchanging villages. It was movement and splendor, conquests and innovations, trade and art. It was above all wide variety and much experimentation. There is no single nor simple stereotype we can call 'old Africa,' against which we can measure how far Africa has evolved today. This is as true of Africa as of medieval Europe. . . ."

The author goes on to trace the colonial impact, isolating its components with insight and wit—"The Missionaries came not to buy, but to sell"—and establishing a cruelly precise contrast between the French and British regimes—"Britain, empirical, commercial, practising indirect rule, keeping Africans at a distance, verging on racism; France—Cartesian in its logic, seeking glory, practising direct administration, acting as the apostle of fraternity and anti-racism." Then, after independence, comes the nationalist hero, the single-party state, chauvinism, nationalization (or the threat of it), and flirtations with the East. Wallerstein is unerring in his analysis of the process' main features: the need to create, in countries with a random set of borders drawn by accidents of colonial history, a sense of nationhood.

It is obviously pointless to yearn for an opposition in African countries in the Whitehall sense, Wallerstein indicates, when the only opposition is a set of irresponsible gangsters. It is perhaps caviling a little to reproach the author of so concise a book for not having gone on to make the further important point that political power has an entirely special value in an underdeveloped country—there the fruits of power bring a standard of living immeasurably higher than that experienced by the rest of the populace; whereas in the industrial societies of the West a man might well have to make financial sacrifices to enter politics. The African Ambassador quoted at the head of this review lives in unrestricted luxury in Europe, employs his son-in-law as Embassy chauffeur, and has a dozen nephews and nieces installed in his residence. Such a style of life helps explain a great deal about the African attitude to an opposition: one's op-

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ponents are usually seen simply as another lot of people anxious to get their hands on all the luxuries that power brings.

One might question Wallerstein's sanguine view that, because African totalitarianism is born of legitimate and easily understood causes, all in Africa is for the best. One can hardly disagree when he says that, "although African independent states are not *liberal* in their practices, they are by no means *totalitarian*. The citizens do not live in terror of a secret police. Political debate is a commonplace of African life. . . ." But does this take into account Ghana's Preventitive Detention Act, as put into practice last year, when several hundred trade unionists and members of the opposition were put into prison without trial, remaining there at the time of rioting? The author's conclusion, although based on wide observation, also sounds optimistic: Wallerstein asserts that "the one-party structure is an interim system of African states which they are maintaining for the present." If this implies that democracies are around the corner, it is plainly wishful thinking. However, concerning the immediate situation he is right, and Wallerstein makes a shrewd point when he maintains that "pressure for formal constitutional guarantees and outward comformity to parliamentary norms, if premature, may only lead to the breakdown of these institutions, as has occurred in a number of Asian countries, and consequent disillusion with the usefulness of such institutions at any time."

However boring and frustrating the question of Eastern versus Western influence in Africa may be, it has to be faced. Wallerstein can be excused for treating it scantily in his short book. But one aspect of this question overshadows all other problems, in African minds especially: the issue of neocolonialism. Is the West, as Presidents Nkrumah and Touré are constantly claiming, actively seeking to perpetuate its domination of independent Africa by economic and other means? Even in the situation in Katanga, no one has ever definitely pointed to the existence of a deep-laid "colonial" plot. Still, it is undeniable that the economic facts of life are retying some African countries, especially those under the domain of France, so closely to their former master as to put their very independence in jeopardy. "The relationship between colonial power and independent state is also reinforced by the fact that, in a number of cases, the former colonial power continues for political reasons to purchase some primary products at above the world price." That, Mr. Wallerstein, is the understatement of the year. A handful of countries in Africa—Niger, Upper Volta, Tchad, Central African Republic, and Congo (Brazzaville)—to take only the most flagrant examples, will not be able to keep their economic heads above water for several decades without concealed subsidies from France. If France stops paying them, someone else will have to start.

SLINGS AND ARROWS

JOY TO LEVINE! By NORMA STAHL ROSEN. *Knopf. 279 pp. $3.50.*

NOTES FROM A DARK STREET. By EDWARD ADLER. *Knopf. 219 pp. $2.95.*

Reviewed by DAN JACOBSON

THESE TWO NOVELS are set in New York, and their main characters are Jewish and are physically maimed, in different degrees; otherwise they have little in common. Mrs. Rosen's story is of the wooing of a fat, graceless naive girl by a thirty-year-old man, convinced of his own inadequacy and failure. Mr. Adler's book can hardly be said to have a story at all. The narrator, a one-legged veteran of the Second World War, describes a series of wild incidents and encounters in an East Side slum. In the first chapter of *Notes from a Dark Street* a spastic child is run over by a truck and killed; in the last a Puerto Rican baby dies as a result of being bitten by rats, and the tiny corpse is handed from lodger to lodger in the swarming tenement. In between we have had such events as a teen-age riot, a love scene between a doll-maker and his insane sister, a visit by some whores and their clients to a *mikveh*, and the death in the passageway of an old Polish woman, on whose body another woman pours a bowl of burning sugar.

Strong meat, evidently. But not quite as strong as one feels it should be, given the events outlined above. Mr. Adler clearly wishes to shock us; but his purpose in administering these shocks remains obscure. It's certain, at least, that he isn't out to

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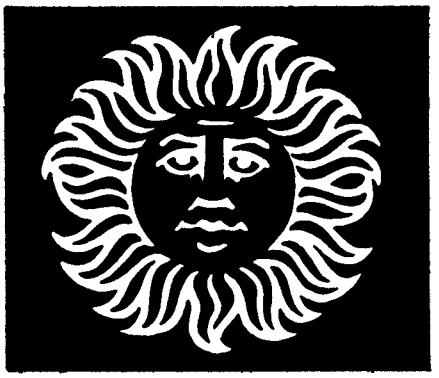

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arouse our social consciences; he isn't agitating for slum clearance or the re-education of delinquent adolescents. Somehow, I cannot help feeling that his book might have been a better one if he were. Then, perhaps, he would have had less temptation to use his outcasts in a way which seems to me unfair to them and the conditions under which they live. Almost every scene in the book dissolves into a phantasmagoria; almost every character in it sooner or later begins to philosophize—about New York, about America, about life. Some of the philosophizing is quite funny, especially that of Cahoon, "the dumb Mick janitor"; but none of it is funny enough or profound enough to rise to the circumstances it is supposed to be commenting on. The reader cannot help suspecting that the horrors and indignities described are gratuitous—not because such things do not happen but because the author's response to them is, for all the fury of the writing, so uncertain, so easily beguiled into fantasy and abstraction.

By his choice of title Mr. Adler has challenged comparison with Dostoevsky, who also wrote his "notes" from the underground world of the maimed and the poverty-stricken. (And mention of Dostoevsky is all the more to the point here, in that he was no social meliorist either.) One can hardly blame Mr. Adler for failing, in the end, to justify this challenge. But one can suggest that he could learn from Dostoevsky what the costs of writing about such subjects are. Not the least of them is an imaginative willingness to submit totally, without reservation or withdrawal of any kind, to every indignity the writer ever inflicts upon his own characters; and only then to permit himself the luxury of drawing conclusions from what his characters have suffered.

IN COMPARISON with Mr. Adler's book, Mrs. Rosen's must appear a ladylike affair. Her hero, Levine, has merely lost the finger of one hand and walks with a slight limp, both of these handicaps being the result of childhood accidents. More serious than his physical disabilities is Levine's belief that he is the kind of man to whom accidents of an unpleasant nature are bound to happen. Thus, to him it is a positive relief to find employment in a publishing company which is more or less on the skids; the fact that the company itself is headed for failure excuses Levine, as it were, from having to commit any blunders on his own account. Within the security this situation offers to him, Levine falls in love with one of the typists employed by the company. She too believes herself to be a failure, because she is overweight (this, of course, is what attracts Levine to her); but unlike Levine she is still young enough to try and transform herself. She undertakes a prolonged, expensive slimming treatment; at the same time a new manager—a hearty, cheerful creature, determined to make a success of his job—is brought into the company. Levine is threatened from all sides.

The novel ends happily. The new manager proves to be no more successful than his predecessor. And Theresa, though she has lost much weight, comes back to Levine because, as she says, he is "the kindest person I have met. Now that I have met others I see what I missed. I missed a kind person." Despite its sophistication of setting, its jaunty way with language, and its adumbration of Levine's loneliness and self-contempt, I don't think it would be unfair to describe *Joy to Levine!* as an idyll. We never really doubt that Levine will get his Theresa in the end; Mrs. Rosen clearly hasn't the heart to deprive him of that success. And for the rest, the most important aspect of the novel's idyllic quality is precisely the fact that it is about unsuccessful people working for an unsuccessful company. Levine, who doth ambition shun, can hardly flee from the go-getting America of competition and money into the forest of Arden, but the offices of the Rutborough Company do almost as well.

The novel has the merits of its form: charm, playfulness, kindliness. To ask for more is to ask for another book. Yet for the sake of all the *schlemiels* to whom Levine is related, I cannot help wishing that he showed a bit more ferocity, a bit more of a bite; it isn't enough that at one point he is driven to scrawling obscenities over the company's advertisements on the subway. Compared with some other *schlemiels* we have read about, there is too little in Levine that is really corrosive or subversive. The go-getting Americans have got at him more successfully than he should have allowed them to.

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POINTING THE VIEW

CHILDREN OF THE GILDED GHETTO. By JUDITH R. KRAMER and SEYMOUR LEVENTMAN. *Yale University Press. 228 pp. $5.00.*

Reviewed by MARSHALL SKLARE

OUR KNOWLEDGE ABOUT American Jewish life would be much the poorer if not for the fact that an occasional graduate student writes his dissertation on a Jewish topic. These dissertations rarely see the light of day, at least in complete form, and so most of them are known only to a small circle of specialists. But the dissertations written by Judith Kramer and Seymour Leventman for the Department of Sociology, University of Minnesota, are in no danger of suffering such neglect. Recently published under the title *Children of the Gilded Ghetto,* their work seems to be more heavily promoted than any similar contribution to the world of scholarship within recent memory. The book reports on interviews conducted by the authors with two hundred Jewish respondents in "North City," described in the volume as a large Midwestern metropolis with a total Jewish population of twenty thousand. Unlike many other studies where the real name of the community remains—at least for a time—a tantalizing mystery, the identity of "North City" hardly constitutes any challenge. Even some of the publisher's advertisements specify that the city is Minneapolis.

Kramer and Leventman advance the view that belonging to a minority group necessarily creates tension for an individual. The overlapping institutional structures of the majority and minority cultures produce conflict in him, and two different ways of life compete within him for primacy. According to the authors, the members of each generation—experiencing a common life situation —share similar tensions. Each generation, moreover, has a characteristic pattern of "conflict resolution." Lastly, the conflict resolutions of one generation become a source of tension for the next.

Half of the residents of Minneapolis interviewed by Kramer and Leventman were second-generation Jews; the remainder were members of the third generation. The first

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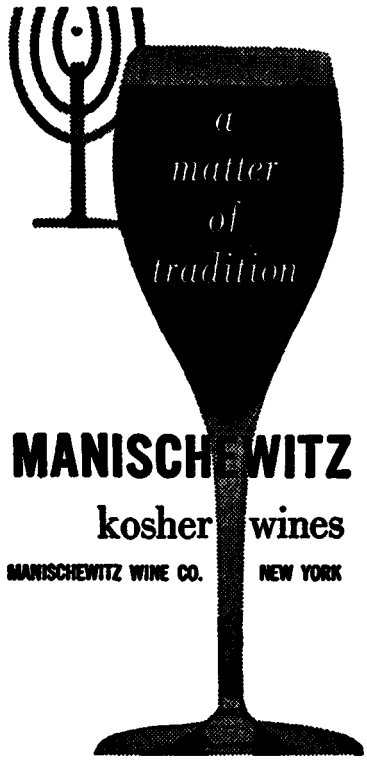
group was randomly selected from the membership lists of two Jewish voluntary associations, the Pinecrest Country Club—which provided a group of wealthy individuals—and the Isaac Silverman Lodge of B'nai B'rith—which provided a group of lower-middle-class respondents. For members of the third-generation, Kramer and Leventman contacted all synagogues, clubs, and organizations, regardless of their class level, in which members of the third-generation were likely to be enrolled. The individuals they reached and interviewed were also asked to volunteer the names of peers who might not be members of any Jewish organization, and additional interviews were subsequently conducted with the unaffiliated.

Aside from some technical problems, perhaps the most troublesome aspect of Kramer and Leventman's sample is the fact that they confined it to males. The authors were interested in the consequences which flow from the location of an individual in the class system; they reasoned that such location is determined by the occupation and economic position of the male. But it is a matter of increasing clarity that the pattern of Jewishness in the American Jewish family is being influenced by wives more than husbands, who tend to be less "Jewish." As a result, the focus of *Children of the Gilded Ghetto* is upon the radical rather than the conservative partner.



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KRAMER AND LEVENTMAN argue that the tension which characterizes the first generation centers on the difficulties of economic and social survival in an alien society. This generation enters garment manufacturing and the retail trades to resolve its economic tensions, lives in ghetto neighborhoods to resolve social tensions, and accepts Orthodox Judaism to resolve religious ones.

The tension which characterizes the second generation, the argument continues, is marginality rather than survival; and this problem creates an overwhelming desire for self-improvement and material comfort. The result is entrance into marginal but nevertheless profitable middle-class occupations, establishment of a separate but nevertheless acculturated ethnic community, and adherence to Conservative and Reform Judaism.

The authors are not very specific about tensions of the third generation. They write only that "Part of the heritage of the third generation is minority-group membership in a world it never made. . . . Insofar as the third-generation Jews strive to minimize the invidious social consequences of minority-group membership, they experience tensions in the realm of status as a result of closer associations with non-Jews." Kramer and Leventman suggest that members of the third generation are less interested than were their parents in living in an overwhelmingly Jewish neighborhood, in confining friendships to Jews, and in belonging exclusively to Jewish organizations.

While all this sounds very dissertation-like, *Children of the Gilded Ghetto* is not anything of the kind. For example, the book contains a surprisingly modest number of statistical tables. It is written throughout with great verve, much humor, and considerable

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sarcasm. The end-product is a perceptive and fast-moving narrative which provides us with some new insights into American-Jewish life. Particularly interesting are the attitudinal differences between the second and third generation (this much argued but under-researched subject can now be discussed with greater authority). Of equal interest are the differences the authors find between those members of the third generation who stay in Papa's business and those who become teachers at universities or researchers in giant corporations. All in all, no close student of American Jewish life can afford to neglect this book.

At the same time, because Kramer and Leventman strive so hard to preserve a popular approach, they often make it difficult for the careful reader to discover how they investigated a given problem, how they formulated various items on their questionnaire, and—frankly—where their data ends and their interpretations begin. Kramer and Leventman discuss styles-of-life, occupational choice, intergroup contact, intragroup rivalries, and a host of other significant topics, and unlike the usual dissertation, this book errs in the direction of telling us too little about too much.

Children of the Gilded Ghetto has graver shortcomings, however. They inhere partly in the very format of a dissertation which is best suited to an analysis of a highly restricted topic; here the topic is extremely broad. They inhere also in the theoretical scheme of the book; the authors place their money on generation as being the crucial variable, but this factor is not always as discriminating as they would like. More strikingly, the shortcomings inhere in what can only be called the "bias" of *Children of the Gilded Ghetto.*

Kramer and Leventman—though perhaps the first a bit less than the second—seem to suffer from the same disease that afflicts many other Jewish intellectuals. Because they know that there are so many bourgeois Jews, they tend to see all Jewish life as a bourgeois plot. This attitude is combined with an unconscious ethnocentrism that involves one standard for Jews, another for Gentiles. If the bourgeoisie are bad, the Jewish bourgeoisie are doubly bad.

An important symptom of the disease is elaborating false standards of living. Thus Kramer and Leventman write: "Like all *nouveaux riches* [Pinecrest Country] club members unabashedly enjoy their means. . . . Clubniks, for example, own two cars in the Cadillac and Lincoln class, and take extended (and expensive) vacations at resort hotels or abroad. Their clothes are custom-made, their cigars hand-rolled, their whiskey well-aged . . . [their children] attend private secondary schools and the Ivy League colleges. . . ." When we discover that the average annual income of the "clubniks" is $27,500 per year, our suspicions are aroused. While one Cadillac is possible on this income, can two such cars be maintained? And while Texas millionaires are reputed to insist on "his" and "hers" Cadillacs, we wonder if the same tradition is regnant in Minnesota. Do Kramer and Leventman base their statement on questionnaire results, on participant-observation at Pinecrest Country Club, or does it follow from their stereotype about the affinity between bourgeois Jews and Cadillacs?

But even if there *were* two Cadillacs in every bourgeois Jewish garage, the point to be made here about Kramer and Leventman's approach is that they are unforgiving even when they see the bourgeosie spending their money for other purposes. Discussing the philanthropic behavior of their respond-

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ents, they write: "Their conspicuous consumption is matched only by their conspicuous charity. . . ." And: "In the Jewish social structure, philanthropic contributions are the functional equivalent of the potlatch, the Indian ceremony in which individuals give away or destroy large amounts of their property as a symbol of their status. . . ." While such flippancy is amusing, it constitutes inferior scholarship: Jewish philanthropic behavior is assuredly not the functional equivalent of potlatch.

The bias of the authors is in fact so strong that not only do they make incorrect interpretations but their attitude actually prevents the data from speaking to them. In describing the country club, Kramer and Leventman write: "The club is patterned after the typical country club popular among the *nouveaux riches* of F. Scott Fitzgerald's era, complete with golf course, swimming pool, and lavish dances and balls." But on the very next page they state "The critical requirement for membership is the amount of money the would-be members donate to the Federation [for Jewish Social Services]. A receipt in evidence of contributions in keeping with income must be presented to the membership committee. . . ."

We must conclude, after all, that Pinecrest is *not* patterned after the institution familiar to Fitzgerald, to John P. Marquand, or to any other American who has written about the country-club set. Pinecrest's membership committee is engaged in enforcing a conception novel to the American club world—that one can indulge in the happy, happy life of the club only if he has discharged his responsibility to the group, only if the happiness of his less-fortunate brethren has been attended to. The authors are never led to ask the significant question—in their own terms—of whether or not congeniality will become the crucial requirement for entrance into Pinecrest once the membership committee comes to be composed of third-generation individuals.

Children of the Gilded Ghetto, then, constitutes both a contribution to our knowledge about American Jewish life and a guide to the "mind-set" of the American Jewish intellectual. The book demonstrates the alienation of that intellectual from his fellow Jews, his feeling of superiority toward them, and his twin attitude of attraction and repul-

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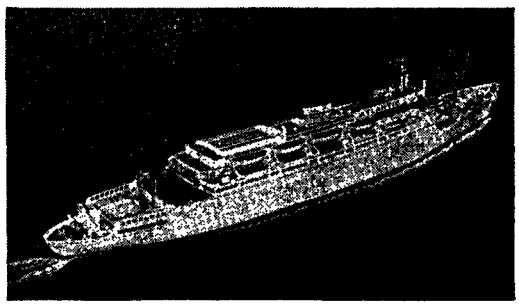

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sion to the Jewish group. Hopefully those who read *Children of the Gilded Ghetto* will learn from it in spite of its imperfections, and hopefully the authors will continue, as Ph.D.'s, to do further work in the same area, but with increased empathy and objectivity.

SCIENTIFIC HISTORY

THE CONCEPT OF JACKSONIAN DEMOCRACY: NEW YORK AS A TEST CASE. By LEE BENSON. *Princeton University Press. 351 pp. $6.00.*

Reviewed by STAUGHTON LYND

LEE BENSON IS A sociological gadfly who for some years has been probing the soft and vulnerable places in the body of American historical writing. In earlier works he explored Frederick Jackson Turner's "frontier thesis," Charles Beard's interpretation of the United States Constitution, and the origins of the Civil War. With the same instinct for the jugular, he now tackles the extraordinary period, roughly from 1824 to 1848, which has come to be known (wrongly, Dr. Benson believes) as the Age of Jackson.

Benson's contributions, both as to the method and matter, range far beyond the period immediately under consideration, and should sharpen the tools of any workman working in any period of American history.

First, as to method. Benson's study is designed to test broad interpretative hypotheses by detailed scrutiny of the evidence for one locality, New York State. Surely if there is an equivalent in historical research to the natural science experiment, this is it. Lamentably, the bringing together of the very large and the very small is rarely attempted by historians. In default of such synthesis, history tends to be cosmic nonsense (the very large without the very small), meaningless antiquarianism (the very small without the very large), or (most commonly) a muddy journalistic compromise, whereby the same superficial tales are endlessly repeated. Dr. Benson cannot be too much commended for his imagination and daring in this regard.

Some of the other points about method are these: You cannot interpret the voting statistics of a particular election without taking into account the comparable statistics for previous and subsequent elections; you cannot deduce the character of a movement only from the character of its leadership, but must consider also the rank-and-file, who may be quite different; and in assessing the relationship between two variables (say, class standing and voting behavior) you must not neglect to survey also other variables which may in fact be responsible for the behavior in question. These concepts may appear obvious, yet in Dr. Benson's hands they yield impressive results. For example, it is traditional to say that Henry Clay's neglect of the abolitionist vote in western New York cost the Whigs the Presidential election of 1844. Benson's demonstration that the abolitionist (Liberty party) vote in New York in 1844 was almost unchanged from its vote in 1843, must gravely weaken the old interpretation. Another widely accepted maxim, dating from the work of Dixon Ryan Fox just after World War I, holds that voters in the poorer wards of New York City leaned more to the Democratic party of Jackson than did the voters of the city's wealthier wards. Here Benson suggests that, while the statistics themselves are correct, it is more likely that another variable, ethnic and religious (in this case Irish Catholic) affiliation, was the actual determinant of the working-class vote.

SINCE MUCH of the book consists of closely reasoned little essays in the interpretation of New York voting statistics, the hasty reader may miss the significance of all this for the understanding of "Jacksonian Democracy." From the time of Turner most historians have conceived the rise of the Democratic party as a movement of common men (frontier farmers according to Turner, city workingmen according to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.), led by Andrew Jackson, and dedicated to egalitarian and humanitarian goals. This thesis has been forcefully attacked in many of its outlying fortifications: it has been shown that in Tennessee, Jackson was identified with business, creditor interests rather than with small debtor farmers; that the democratization of political procedures (wider suffrage, nomination by popular convention rather than by legislative caucus) had been accomplished before Jackson came on the scene; that the men around Jackson,

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humble as their origins may have been, were substantial entrepreneurs by 1828. Benson, in his close examination of a particular state, adds some telling blows to the assault. He argues that the Democratic party in New York was deeply involved with state banking interests and welcomed Jackson's campaign against the Bank of the United States as a diversion of hostility from itself; that the Whig party in New York, growing out of the Antimasonic enthusiasm of the mid-1820's, was anti-aristocratic in its rhetoric and often attracted substantial support from tenant farmers and urban workingmen; that New York's leading Whigs, such as Weed, Seward, and Greeley, came from more poverty-stricken circumstances than their Democratic counterparts; and that the principal humanitarian legislation of the period, in such fields as the abolition of imprisonment for debt, the encouragement of public education, and opposition to slavery, was the work of Whigs not Democrats.

Obviously, the notion that Jacksonian Democracy was the completion of the democratic impulse of the American Revolution, or alternatively, the forerunner of Populism, must be very much weakened if Dr. Benson's assertions are correct. At the very least, the popular banner which (we had supposed) was passed from Jefferson to Jackson, and

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from Jackson on to Lincoln, Bryan, and Debs, emerges very much tattered. At most, it begins to seem possible that the parade which we thought was on the march toward brotherhood and freedom was actually going the other way.

However, certain features of Benson's argument suggest that we suspend judgment, even for the state of New York, until more work has been done. For one thing, as he himself makes perfectly explicit, Benson has been much affected by the recent trend toward regarding American history as an affair of "consensus" without fundamental conflict. Benson argues that this is the reason why people became Whigs or Democrats in the Jacksonian era, not (as had been supposed) because of the economic class they belonged to, but (as Benson argues) because of their affiliation with an ethnic or religious sub-culture. There being no "deep, sustained cleavages over political fundamentals," a variety of non-economic factors, rather than one basic economic antagonism, determined voting behavior.

In the next breath Benson contradicts himself. For, he says, while there was no such thing as the Jacksonian Democracy scholars have imagined, there *was* indeed a widespread humanitarian and egalitarian movement not specially connected with the Democratic party. Benson proposes, therefore, that the period be called "the Age of Egalitarianism" rather than the "Age of Jackson." And in casting about for an explanation of the popular movement, Benson, having apparently abandoned "economic determinism," suddenly produces an economic cause: the "Transportation Revolution" caused by the introduction, in this same period, of the railroad, canal, and steamboat.

If voting behavior expressed relatively superficial, non-economic cleavages, and yet side by side with the political contest a profound popular movement, springing from economic causes, transformed the life of the nation—the conclusion would seem to be that election returns are poor indicators of important social changes, and that a scholar seeking to confront the essence of the 1830's should look elsewhere than the polls for his material. Yet far from taking this step, Benson would have us conclude that "all American history is reflected in past and present voting behavior."

In terms, then, of any over-all view of these seminal decades, the apostle of precision produces a considerable muddle. His careful and brilliant dissection of voting behavior yields a false concreteness, for deep changes were in process that were not at once reflected in politics. The throbbing aspiration which in these years produced *Walden* and abolitionism, which newmodeled every social institution from schools to prisons, was also a part of reality, and to omit it from one's picture is to sacrifice real precision for spurious exactness. Viewed from this angle, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s effort, in *The Age of Jackson,* to give us an anthropological study-in-the-round of the spirit of an era, was perhaps not so unscientific after all. And granted that Jackson himself certainly reflected rather than created that spirit, and (like any politician) reflected it only dimly and in part, there may even have been such a thing as Jacksonian Democracy.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

H. R. Trevor-Roper is Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

Walter Schwarz is an editor of *West Africa* (London).

Dan Jacobson is the well-known novelist and critic, author of *No Further West* (1961).

Marshall Sklare is the author of *Conservative Judaism.*

Staughton Lynd teaches history at Spelman College in Atlanta.

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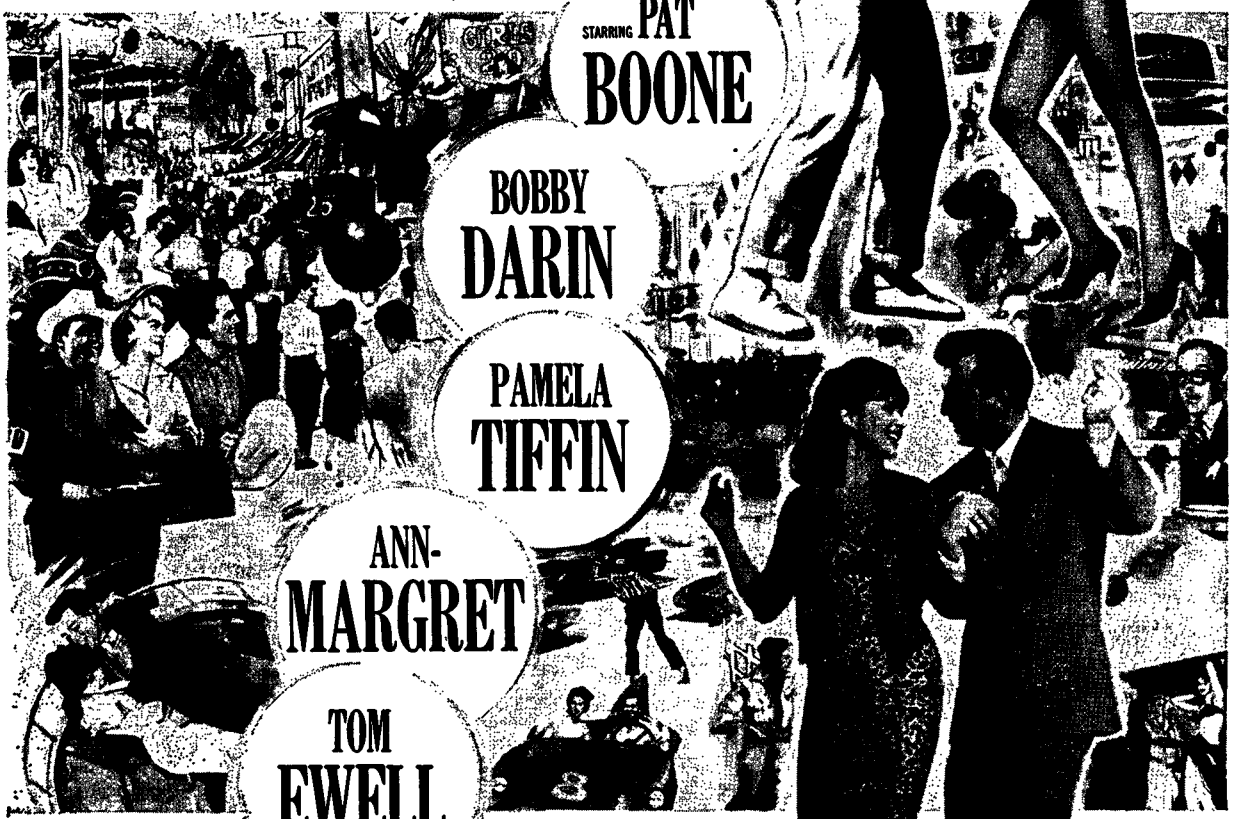

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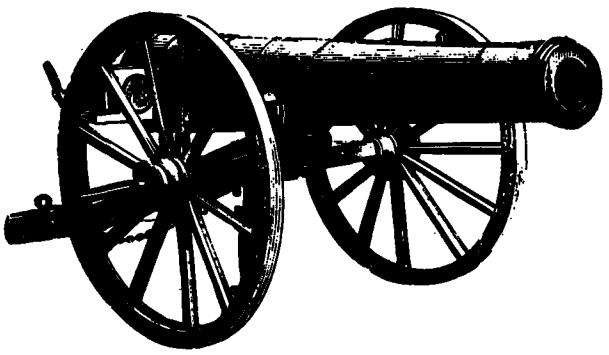

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